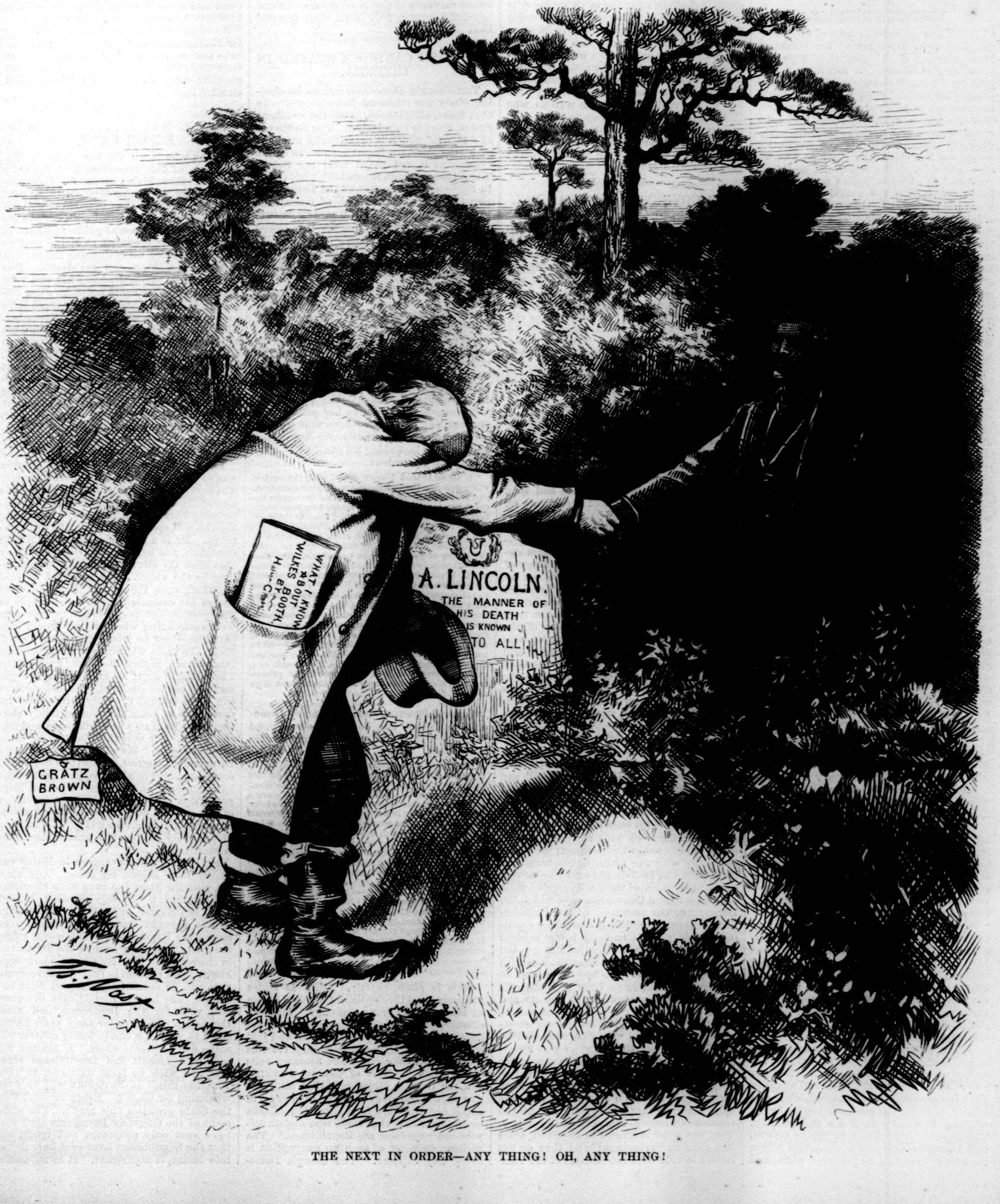
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XVI.—No. 820.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


WHAT I KNOW ABOUT WILKES BOOTH. BY H— C—
A. LINCOLN. THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH IS KNOWN TO ALL.
GRATZ BROWN
Th: Nast

THE NEXT IN ORDER—ANY THING! OH, ANY THING!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, September 14, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of Harper's Magazine *is commenced a* new novel *by* Charles Reade, *entitled* "A Simpleton: a Story of the Day."

A new novel by Wilkie Collins, *entitled* "The New Magdalen," *will be commenced in the October Number of the* Magazine.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* Harper's Magazine *from the commencement of* Charles Reade's *story, in the August Number*, 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November*, 1873—*making* Sixteen Numbers—for Four Dollars.

REFORM OR FARCE.

THERE is an evident tone of apprehension upon the part of the Greeley Democracy, as if the campaign were not proceeding satisfactorily. But it is not surprising. The only real question from the beginning has been whether the country would soon enough understand the exact situation. That the Democratic party could, under the circumstances, give to the country the indispensable sense of stability and confidence would not be believed by any man who seriously pondered the situation; and that "reform" in any intelligible sense was to be expected from the coalition is simply absurd. Yet there is always fascination in a bold and novel stroke. The very comedy in the Cincinnati action was attractive to many persons. The idea of a "whirlwind," an "uprising," a "clean sweep," a "revolution," a "fresh deal," was agreeable to many more. There were those also who have a general theory that a party which has been dominant for some years ought to lose power, whatever may be the alternative. King Log, they think, must go, even if it be only to make way for King Stork, who will eat all his subjects. And when to all this was added the great act of repentance at Baltimore, or more justly the Democratic *tour de force* of riding simultaneously two horses going in opposite directions, there was a shouting and excitement which seemed to be the sign of a popular conviction and resolution.

But the truth was very sure to appear as soon as the actual work and argument of the campaign began. It was plain that honest Republicans would then see that they were invited merely to help a Democratic restoration, and to intrust the government to its enemies and most doubtful friends. The talk about Democratic repentance might satisfy the marines, but not the forecastle. The attitude of the Democratic party, the words of its chief leaders, the necessity of the case, would all instruct candid minds. And such has been the result. As for reform, those who sincerely sought it, and who doubted the Republicans, saw a convention nominally of civil service reformers, revenue reformers, and friends of State sovereignty nominating a candidate who declared that to the victor belong the spoils, who was an arch protectionist, and who was the most zealous champion of the Ku-Klux law. Upon reflection, and after seeing that Mr. Greeley is surrounded with gentlemen who are not eminent reformers of any kind, and that he is supported mainly by Democrats who half spurn the alliance which they consider necessary to restore them to power, those who are anxious for reform do not discover a lively prospect of it in the election of Mr. Greeley.

The utterly unreal character of the Greeley movement among Republicans is seen in the course of the Springfield *Republican*, a newspaper which displays an apparent zeal in support of a candidate for the Presidency of whom its editor, Mr. Samuel Bowles, wrote under his own name in the first bitterness of his disappointment at Cincinnati: "With his usual perversity of temper and openness to flattery, Mr. Greeley will probably contrive to give his faith and attribute his success to those who fawn upon him and who use him, and slander and abuse those braver and truer friends who dare to expose them to him and the world, and tell him the truth that he needs to hear, even if he does not like it." The *Republican* daily opposes General Grant, but it has been unable to say any thing of him so bitterly contemptuous as what its editor has publicly said of the candidate whom his paper supports. Nor can any thing be more fatal to political morality than the advocacy for the highest office of a candidate whom the advocate begins by describing as totally unfit for the position. The *Republican* professes to desire reform, and therefore supports a candidate whom its editor describes as perverse, weak, and contemptible; a candidate who will give his faith to those who fawn upon him, and who will slander and abuse his truer friends who expose them; a candidate who does not like the truth, and who is open to flattery.

When the most prominent friends of a candidate thus describe him, and the utter insincerity of their position is exposed by themselves, it is not surprising that intelligent men who had hoped for a real reform turn away impatiently, and that the campaign of false pretenses languishes. "The Greeley movement," says the New York *World*, "is either a reform movement or a farce." Abandoned by almost every one of the really conspicuous leaders of the Cincinnati effort, frantically hailed and supported by the most utterly venal politicians in the country, sustained by honorable Democrats only at their party command, and by the great body of ex-rebels in the desperate hope of somehow undoing reconstruction, it is certainly not a reform movement, and is the most lamentable of farces. The plain truth is that the situation of this country is such that the people do not intend to suffer a tried and true Administration to be overthrown and replaced by such a miscellaneous coalition as the Greeley movement presents. There is but one element of it which commands any respect whatever, and that is its smallest and most unimportant part—the few retired and well-meaning persons who think that change means reform. But they rapidly comprehend the real situation. Some of the seed in the parable fell upon ground where there was no depth of soil, and the crop soon withered away.

FOR GOVERNOR, GENERAL DIX.

The nomination of General Dix for Governor of New York spiked the guns of the enemy that were already trained for action. The Democratic papers and orators were all ready to raise the cry of "Custom-house, cut and dried." The Convention, it was said, was called at Utica, the home of Senator Conkling, that he might more conveniently manipulate it. But there was certainly no reason why Utica should be deprived of the Convention. The Convention of 1870 was held at Saratoga, that of 1871 at Syracuse, that of last spring at Elmira, and that of August at Utica. Wire-pulling and manipulation are as easy at one place as at another. But not only could not Senator Conkling be accused of managing the Convention for his own purposes, but its results confounded the enemy, and they were actually reduced to find comfort in attempting to persuade the friends of one of the gentlemen who had been named for the nomination that their candidate had been insulted, and that they had better vote for Mr. Greeley in revenge!

The nomination of General Dix was made by acclamation, and the Convention was rejoiced with its work. The ticket was signally strengthened by adding the name of General Robinson, against whom not an injurious word has been spoken. The names of the electors at large showed the spirit of the Convention and its entire freedom from any dictation, and the nomination of the Congressman at large, Mr. Tremaine, was the result of a resolution of harmony and success. Indeed, the general excellence of the nominations was a terrible blow to the hopes of the coalition; and the *World* in a truculent manner warns the contracting parties of the other part that in this crisis no "friends of Fenton" must be placed upon the coalition State ticket. No friends of Fenton! The party of the second part in New York, and no friends of Fenton! The *World* is waggish. It might as well say the Democratic party, and no Copperhead virus.

The strength of the nomination of General Dix lies, first, in his pure personal character, general ability, and wide experience; then in his fidelity to the Union cause; while his sympathy with the Philadelphia tears and locked arms of 1866 should surely be no discredit in the view of those who receive their candidate from a Convention over which Mr. Doolittle, the president of the Philadelphia Convention, presided, and whose candidate urged general amnesty before general suffrage was secured. General Dix has the further strength of entire identification with the reform movement in the State, and of the favor of that large body of Democrats who have much at stake in the country and State, and who do not believe that the interests of industry and of commercial enterprise of every kind would be promoted by the election of Mr. Greeley, who, as his ardent supporter, Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, assures us, would be not only perverse, but a tool in the hands of designing men. Such Democrats will vote more willingly for General Dix than for the regular Greeley-Democratic candidate. They are what is known in the State since last year as "reformers;" and they do not intend to vote with the remains of the Tammany Ring and the "Fenton men," as the *World* calls its allies.

It is this which makes the nomination of General Dix by the Republicans so alarming to the enemy. He can not be decried by them as an old Democrat; for what are they but old Democrats and Republicans whom the Democrats have absorbed? He can not be denounced as a foe of reform in the State, for he is one of its leaders. He can not be assailed for any private stain, for he is spotless. He can not be accused of jobbery and corruption, for he is neither a "Ring man" nor a "Fenton man." Old Free-soilers will not forget his famous phrase for which the old slave Democracy never forgave him, and defeated his first nomination to France: "Let us draw a line of freedom around slavery, like that of fire around the scorpion, and leave it to sting itself to death;" while Republicans of '60 and every loyal man will always remember, "If any man haul down the flag, shoot him on the spot." The coalition must look long and reflect carefully to find a candidate who can hopefully contest New York with General Dix.

THE CASE CANDIDLY STATED IN GEORGIA.

The Georgia Democrats are an interesting study for "Liberal Republicans." In that State, and, indeed, in all the Southern States, there is no mincing. The feeble cry of "reform" which is occasionally attempted by the Northern Republican allies of the Democrats is not heard from the South. There the campaign is precisely what it was in 1868—an effort to restore the Democratic party and to undo as much of reconstruction as possible; and Mr. Greeley is supported because he is the regular Democratic candidate.

At a recent meeting in Georgia General H. L. Benning, late of the rebel army and now a Greeley elector at large, made a very intelligible speech. It is worth considering, as a fair statement of the views of the Southern Democracy, which is the strongest wing of the party to which the people are asked to intrust the government.

General Benning began by asking whether Democrats should support Greeley and Brown. He thought they should, "because their election will expel the party in power to substitute the Democratic party......It will restore the South to her place before the war, and offers some hope that she will receive some compensation for her losses, and it is the best thing we can do."

He then proceeded:

> "If Greeley and Brown are elected, the contest will result in a Democratic House of Representatives, and subsequently of a Senate....The Democrats being the strongest power, will merge into their members the Liberal element. The creek flows to the river, not the river to the creek. The Chattahoochee ought not to complain because the creek empties into it. The Liberals can do nothing but fuse with us....All the offices of profit are held by radicals. The election of Greeley will give the bulk of them to Democrats. It will tend to the establishment of a fraternal feeling between the South and North. This will tend to indemnify us for heavy losses sustained otherwise than by the freeing of slaves, and gives a hope we may receive something for them....The election of Greeley and Brown will produce reconciliation between the South and North, and tend greatly to our advantage....Their election will restore the South to her weight in the government. Before the war our Representatives were incorruptible, and though in a minority, controlled to a great extent the government....We will be stronger now, because we will go as a unit."

General Benning denied that any Democratic principle had been surrendered, and denounced the third party movement. He continued:

> "The great Democratic principle is State rights. Does not Greeley profess the same opinion on this subject as the Democrats of the North?....He occupied an almost identical position [upon the slavery question] with that of Douglas, only he insulted the owner. He was in favor of the secession of the South if a majority of the people wished to do so. When war came he went with his section, as the Northern Democrats did. During the war he was an advocate of peace. After the Gettysburg fight he advocated liberal terms....Altogether he has the best record of any Northern man....We took Seymour and Blair in 1868. If Seymour hadn't pushed forward reinforcements, Lee would have won Gettysburg....This contest is not a duel between Greeley and Grant, but a battle between the Republicans and the Democrats. If the battle is won, what difference does it make about the leader? The great contest is, which party is to rule. Is it not best to honor Greeley a little, and gain a party victory?....The amendments to the Constitution may be susceptible to change. The people at the elections four years ago decided as regards them for the present."

This is plain, practical talk. It states precisely what the Southern Democrats mean by their support of Mr. Greeley. It shows exactly how much they respect the platform upon which they propose to stand, and just what is meant by reconciliation. Yet this speech illustrates what Mr. Sumner calls "conversion." It is of General Benning and the Georgia Democrats that Mr. Sumner says, "They may continue Democrats in name, but they are in reality Republicans by the same title that those who sustain Republican principles are Republicans." The perilous delusion of such an assumption is every day exposed. The Georgia Democrats, with the Democratic leaders in the Northern States, distinctly abjure Mr. Sumner's theory. "A victory will not give us every thing at once," says Judge Black, in Pennsylvania, implying that it will be a good beginning. And General Benning in Georgia responds in the same spirit: "Is it not best to honor Greeley a little, and gain a party victory?......The amendments to the Constitution may be susceptible to change." And while these words, still freshly uttered, with a sincerity that can not be questioned, are in our ears and minds, General Banks says at Lynn that General Benning and his friends "now accept the result readily and joyfully,......sacrifice their prejudices, and ......stand before the country in support of the great principles on which the government was established."

Here are the new Northern allies of the Democratic party telling us that the Southern brethren are only anxious to show how fully they accept every thing, and how sweetly they will administer the government and protect equal rights; while the Southern brethren themselves say, frankly, "We mean to get power if we can by voting for Mr. Greeley, and State sovereignty will take care of the rest." It is probable that General Benning and his friends know their purposes quite as well as Mr. Sumner and General Banks.

"MAINE WENT......FOR GOVERNOR KENT."

Those who recall the famous hard-cider campaign of 1840 remember how the song declared that Maine went for Governor Kent. And the Maine election being held in September, after the campaign is well advanced, is always regarded with curious interest as an indication of public feeling. It is not, however, true that as Maine goes so goes the country, for Maine was Republican in 1856, when Buchanan was elected. But the Greeley managers have felt, and very justly, that if they could not make a fine display in Maine in September, they could have no hope of even a strong vote in November. They therefore began their Maine campaign very early, and have prosecuted it with as much zeal as they could. Mr. Doolittle, fresh from the Baltimore Convention, went to awaken the State with a loud cry of "reform and honesty and economy in the public service." But since the point-blank shot of the New York *Times*, exposing the fact that Mr. Doolittle when Senator used his patronage for his private advantage, his voice has not been heard in the land.

But the importance of the Maine election was so deeply felt that Mr. Greeley himself was sent into the State, and at Portland made a carefully written speech, which has unquestionably harmed him more than any thing that he will speak or write during the campaign. He is a kind of civil service reform candidate, and he took ludicrous care to say that after the election the spoils should belong to the victor. The fact that he said any thing upon the subject revealed the secret of his campaign, for it was in reply to the question—addressed to him by those who were considering whether they would support him—how he would distribute the offices. To those who support the Cincinnati nominations, replied Mr. Greeley, blandly. The *World*, to avert his nomination, in a moment of candor declared, "No indorsement can elect Greeley. Only Democratic indorsement of Greeley can certainly elect Grant." Balaam's ass spoke once, and told the truth. But now the *World*, in its usual condition, says, "We shall elect with him a Democratic Congress, Democratic State governments and Legislatures, and Democratic local officers; and we may expect a large proportion of Democrats in the composition of his cabinet and in his promised reconstruction of the civil service." This, for a distinctively civil service reform candidate, is excellent.

Mr. Greeley's appearance in Maine can hardly have helped his cause. And since his visit the State has rung with eloquence and argument. If only Speaker Blaine could be defeated, or Mr. Hale, or any body, it was thought that a panic might arise among the Republicans which would sweep the State into the power of the Democrats in November. The result we shall soon know. Our opinion is that the Democratic vote will be somewhat increased from two causes. The Liberal Republicans, of course, will vote for the Democrats, and those Democrats who have for some years hardly cared to vote in a surely losing contest will make one desperate effort. If against this combined assault the Republicans stand firm, and with no fatal reduction in their vote, the result in November will be overwhelming for Grant. Every account from the State promises this result. The statement of the Greeley Democrats that they have sent only eloquence and truth, and that the Republicans have sent only money into Maine, is significant. It is an anchor to windward. It is a preparation for the theory that the State has been carried by bribery, fraud, patronage, the Custom-house, and sin in general. Meanwhile, in a world of Republican corruption, let us be grateful that we have such an object of purity and patriotism to contemplate as the Democratic party.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

We recently spoke of the approval by the late rebel military chiefs of the Cincinnati resolution which commends the Union soldiers, or the resolution which is intended to be supposed to commend them, and alluded to General Johnston, who had declared for Mr. Greeley. We received immediately afterward from a thoroughly informed correspondent the following letter:

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"In the *Weekly* of the present week, but for the 24th August, you say of General Joseph E. Johnston, late a Confederate general, that 'he was probably a sincere soldier of his cause. He thought that we were all wrong, and that the war upon our side was monstrous.'

"For General Johnston's sake, I wish your estimate of him were true. But I remember very well the conduct of General Johnston for some weeks preceding and on the day of his resignation from the army of the United States. It was in the line of my duty to see him every day, generally oftener, from the 12th of March, 1861, up to the morning of his resignation. For two weeks last preceding that event General Johnston was not himself. He spent his time at the Department in walking about the room, apparently a prey to conflicting emotions. He was morose, melancholy, irritable. He sometimes was guilty of irrelevant replies to communications from the Secretary, and as often begged pardon for his hasty words. At length the general went to the Secretary's room and tendered his resignation. The Secretary (General Cameron) had a very high opinion of General Johnston, and his resignation, unexpected and undesired, was a blow. 'I am very sorry and greatly disappointed,' said General Cameron; 'I thought you would stand by the old flag.' 'I know it is all wrong,' returned Johnston: 'all I have been and all I am has been and is due to the bounty of the government of the United States. It educated me, and has been generous in its dealings with me. I know this action of the South is wrong, terribly wrong, and I hoped to cast my lot with the government. But my family is against me. The pressure is so great that I must retire or sacrifice my peace of mind.' 'Well, general,' said the Secretary, 'if you must leave us, I hope you will not be actively against us.' 'Whatever happens,' returned Johnston, 'I will never draw my sword against the government to which I am so great a debtor.'

"During this interview General Johnston shed tears freely, and to all appearances was sincerely afflicted by what he regarded the necessity for his departure. What followed is history, and need not be repeated here. The facts above related go to show either that General Johnston was not 'a sincere soldier of his cause,' or that he was an unmitigated hypocrite."

THE LOUISVILLE CONVENTION.

The Louisville Convention will be merely an expression of Democratic dissent from the regular party action at Baltimore. It will not deny that the nomination of Mr. Greeley was just as regular as that of Mr. Seymour or of Mr. Buchanan, and that by all party logic and precedent "good Democrats" will vote for the ticket. Mr. John Cochrane, the chairman of Mr. Greeley's State Committee in New York, told us some years ago that good Democrats would vote for Satan himself if he were regularly nominated. But while this is undeniable, there are other facts which are also indisputable. One of them is that General Cass was the regular Democratic candidate in 1848, and that he was not elected, enough perverse Democrats having been found in the State of New York to vote for another candidate. There are, of course, in this State and in many other States Democrats like Judge Clerke, who hold certain philosophical principles in politics, to which they are loyal before all. To these principles Mr. Greeley is not only hostile, but bitterly and contemptuously hostile. They therefore would no more vote for Mr. Greeley than Mr. Greeley would have voted for Mr. Polk.

This sentiment of the party was expressed before the nomination at Baltimore by the New York *World*. But when the nomination was made, the *World*, which humbly wears the party collar, having declared that Greeley could not possibly be elected as a Democratic candidate, instantly began to bark for him. But there were Democrats who would not. Mr. Charles O'Conor, for instance, and Judge Clerke, and others well known to the public, and a great many unknown to the public, decline to support Mr. Greeley. This discontent with the regular nomination is more general than the Democratic leaders like to believe, and the Louisville Convention is its expression.

Those who will control it would probably not be acknowledged by the mass of the party as their representatives. Its declarations can not be accepted as those of the party, which have been already made at Baltimore. But it may be of such a character as to show a dangerous disaffection; and it may make such a platform and nominate such candidates that, although they can not be elected, they may divert enough votes from Mr. Greeley to lose him certain States upon which he counts. The Colonel Duncan who appears to be one of the chief Louisville managers was a rebel officer, and there is a current story that he is to be rewarded for breaking the Democratic line for Greeley by some payment of a claim by the Treasury of the United States. This has been unequivocally denied by the officers of the Treasury. It is a story meant to show that the Louisville movement is not sincere. But whether the Convention be in itself significant or not, the fact of a wide-spread Democratic disgust and dissent is undeniable.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Mr. Waite, one of the arbitrators at Geneva, has written to a friend in this city that the Americans see their way clearly through the whole business, and expect to be home in October. It is said by those who are conceded to be competent judges at Geneva that the joint argument of our advocates is far superior in interest to that of the English counsel, Sir Roundell Palmer.

—The London *Spectator*, referring to a rumor that Mr. Sumner will be Secretary of State in case Mr. Greeley should be elected, says: "If he is Secretary, it will be difficult for foreign powers, and especially Great Britain, to maintain cordial relations with the Union. Very able, very eloquent, and perfectly honest, Mr. Sumner is unfortunately one of those men who are unable to believe that an idea which he rejects can be honestly entertained by any body else." The *Spectator's* estimate of Mr. Sumner's character is very accurate.

—Should Mr. Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, be successful at the polls in November next, he will be the youngest member of the House of Representatives. He graduated from Yale in 1864.

—In commenting on a recent statement of the Boston *Post*, to the effect that "a Georgia fowl was lately killed whose crop was full of vest-buttons," Colonel Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, despondingly says: "Thus the South constantly cuts her own throat. If that enterprising fowl had been let alone, the chances are that his efforts would have resulted in a complete gentleman's furnishing store."

—Professor Fawcett is not only one of the notable and strong members of the British Parliament, but he is also one of the most remarkable of Englishmen. A few evenings since, in the House of Commons, in reply to a speech of the Under-Secretary of State for India, he spoke for nearly four hours, introducing masses of figures and long citations from official documents, and all this without a note or memorandum, for he is blind. It was as fluent in delivery, as close and symmetrical in argument, as exact in figures and quotations, as though it were read from a book. Not once did he stumble in a sentence or mistake in a figure. He is making a remarkable way in Parliament. Personally, his privation seems to trouble him but little. He is as full of healthy animal spirits as a school-boy, and he delights in all manly exercises; is fond of fishing, and even of skating; the latter amusement he contrives to enjoy by holding the end of a stick while some companion of equal skill on the ice holds the other, and thus the thing is done.

—Mr. W. H. Smith, a member of Parliament, who is now in Virginia looking after certain business interests, is the famous news-dealer of London, who not only owns the largest circulating library in England, but is the purchaser daily of the entire edition of the London *Times*, every copy passing through his hands, not a copy even being purchasable at the *Times* office. He represents Westminster—the same constituency that sent to Parliament Sir Francis Burdett and Sir De Lacy Evans. His immediate predecessor was John Stuart Mill, whom at the last election he defeated on account of Mr. Mill's peculiar "views" about "women's rights" and other cognate crotchets. Mr. Smith is a conservative and a progressive Churchman, being in perfect accord with the Bishop of London, to whose various benevolent enterprises he gives a liberal and vigorous support. At every railway station in England may be seen a book-stall over which is the sign of "W. H. Smith & Son."

—Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, expects to have as a guest next autumn the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. Imagine the concourse that will flock to hear him! And what an ocean of damp Baptists will roll into Mr. T.'s tabernacle!

—Lord Chesterfield comes most unexpectedly to his peerage. His predecessor, who was one of the unfortunate party formed to meet the Prince of Wales at Lord Londesborough's, was only forty. It is a curious circumstance that this is the second instance of a totally unexpected succession to a peerage which has occurred in the Stanhope family within the last few years. The last Earl of Harrington—also a Stanhope—was an only son, and succeeded his father when quite a young man. He went to Oxford, and lived rather a fast life with the present Duke of Hamilton and others. His friends, more fast, perhaps, in one sense than in another, persuaded him to train and reduce himself for a race. He suddenly fell ill, and his strength having by the training, superadded to imprudent living, become greatly depleted, he rapidly sank. The next heir was a distant cousin, a civil engineer, with a very small income and a very large family, who were really so needy that they were glad to avail themselves of the cast-off apparel of more wealthy friends.

—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his graver moments, was asked by a man of consequence how he managed to keep his congregation always wide awake. Mr. Beecher looked into the countenance of his interlocutor and replied, "By sleeping so much myself."

—General Dix holds the very responsible office of "Comptroller of Trinity Corporation," and as such has the oversight of its vast estate, valued at about $60,000,000. His son, Dr. Morgan Dix, is rector of the parish, at a salary of $11,000 and parsonage. Dr. D. is one of the most laborious and estimable members of the Episcopal Church, and personally very popular with the clergy and laity.

—No prelate of the American Episcopal Church has, as the Yankees say, "enjoyed poor health" to a more agreeable extent than Bishop M'Ilvaine, of Ohio. That venerable invalid was consecrated forty years ago come next October; and in the effort to repair his shattered constitution and by-laws, and recuperate in a general way, to say nothing of mingling in the cultivated and agreeable society of English dons and aristocrats, he has crossed the Atlantic nineteen times. Meanwhile the sheep in the Ohio fold are under the pastoral crook of Assistant Bedell, an accomplished man and perfect gentleman.

—Of the late Lowell Mason it is stated that from the copyright of his many musical works he received a larger sum than was ever given to any author with the single exception of Walter Scott.

—A public benefactor has arisen in Nuremberg—Herr Cramer Klet, a manufacturer. He recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding by a jubilee, and presented to his 3000 operatives 6000 florins to go to the Vienna Exposition, 31,000 for building working-men's houses, 25,000 for single persons to build houses, 30,000 florins' worth of building lots, 150,000 for building tenement-houses, 20,000 florins as capital, and 2500 annual addition for establishing a manufacturing school, and 30,000 to pay for the tuition of working-men's children for the next ten years. As though this were not enough to remember the jubilee, he gave each operative a twenty-mark gold piece, and they went home rejoicing.

—The Hon. William H. Seward is fast finishing his narrative of wanderings all over creation, and the remarkable time he had with emirs, rajahs, shahs, princes, sultans, viziers, kings, emperors, and potentates of high and low degree, such as no other American or European, or any other man, ever enjoyed. The latter part of the work will contain his reflections on the countries he has seen, and his views on the comparative intellectual, social, and political condition and prospects of their inhabitants.

—The Hon. J. Lothrop Motley, who for some little time past has been the guest of Prince Bismarck, is about to give to the reading world the first volume of his "History of the Thirty Years' War." It is expected to be his ablest and most brilliant production.

—Mahmoud Pasha has been superseded as Grand Vizier. His successor is Mitmad. Of course we all know who he is. The late vizier is pronounced to have been one of the most reactionary, fanatical, and corrupt of any that has been in power since the death of Sultan Mahmoud. His economy was wholly directed to the dismissal of employés of the departments until the force was so small that public business could not be carried on, but he carefully preserved all his own emoluments, which are of a value of $150,000 a year. He has crushed the press, turned out nearly all Christian officials, and placed himself and Turkey almost completely at the mercy of Russia. His latest efforts have been directed to the work of crushing his rival, who now succeeds him. Mitmad is represented to be a man of great intelligence and culture, of extraordinary integrity, and in all respects fitted to regain for Turkey what has been lost under Mahmoud. The latter knows nothing of European institutions or languages, while Mitmad is not only highly educated, but thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of the age.

—Professor Agassiz, who has arrived in San Francisco in good health with his party, is said to have accomplished scientific results of great importance along the Mexican coast.

—Don Piatt, in his sparkling paper, the Washington *Capital*, says that the New York *Herald's* playful statement that "the Hon. S. S. Cox reads novels all day and goes to a hop every night is not true, although the impression is cultivated by the witty gentleman himself. Indeed, it is a long distance from the truth. Mr. Cox is one of the hardest students now in public life, and has injured his health by his application. The evidence of this is to be found in the immense amount of valuable information his many speeches contain. And because these are thrown off in a graceful, humorous way, the impression is general that they were produced without labor. But for the watchful tenderness of his loving and lovable wife the Hon. S. S. would have been cemeteried long since."

—Henry Damon is now in the thirty-third year of his life-sentence in the Vermont State-prison for the murder of his wife. He is now sixty-six years old, and probably has been longer in prison than any convict in the country. He hasn't a single Pythias left, the wretched old man!

—That great and good potentate, the Emperor of Japan, gives indications of wit. He was lately shown the corking of a bottle of wine by a steam-hammer. He requested that the hammer might be made to uncork the bottle, as that was the most serviceable proceeding. It was explained that this was impossible, when his Majesty signified his intention of taking the shine out of the hammer. He therefore uncorked the bottle and called for glasses.

—Michigan papers regard it as a topic worthy of allusion that Mrs. Ballou, of Saranac, in that State, weighs 678 pounds. How Mrs. B. came to fatten up to that prodigious figure is not elucidated.

—Dr. Abeken, who died in Berlin on 8th ult., enjoyed the appellation of "Bismarck's pen." For several years past he had been the confidential friend of Bismarck, and was known to be the author of many of the Premier's important state papers. While in the Foreign-office Bismarck discovered his merit, and during the late war he was always to be found with him or with the emperor. It was he who sent the famous Benedetti telegram from Ems, and he who sent the last telegram to Versailles. It was one of his opinions that the peace of the world could never be secured unless the German and English nations joined hands for the defense of the highest interests of mankind.

—Cardinal Antonelli has had high words with the Pope, and declared his determination to retire from office if his Holiness perseveres in his hostility to the Italian government. He, moreover, declared that, unless the papacy came to terms, the Church must suffer even more severely than she has already suffered.

—On the 27th ult. the New York *Evening Express* appeared enlarged by four columns, and in new type. When commenced, in 1836, it was the only journal in the country bearing that name. Of all those who in 1836 were in editorial harness here, William Cullen Bryant and James Watson Webb are the only two who survive; and of the fifty daily and two hundred weekly papers started during that time in New York, not more than half a dozen are now in existence. No journal in the country has maintained a higher reputation for decorum in the discussion of public questions than the *Express*. Its "Cheeryble Brothers" editors have been repeatedly honored at the hands of their fellow-citizens. Perhaps it is not too much to say that, irrespective of partisanship, no man in Congress has of late years exercised a greater power upon the legislation of the country than James Brooks, while Erastus Brooks is equally well known and esteemed as one of the most eloquent, and always one of the most welcome, speakers of the time.

—Colonel Blanton Duncan, of Kentucky, prominent just now in the political movements of that State, is described as being a little over six feet high in his slippers, and wears his clothes loose and comfortable; is a portly blonde, with a clever face, and is just turning his first half century; his forehead is high, and his face physiognomically fine; he has rather large bluish-gray eyes, a well-set Roman nose that is neither large nor small, a well-cut mouth, a full beard; his general appearance lacks a little of being imposing, and his talk is free, decided, and self-confident; in physical energy he has few superiors, and once interested in a cause he is a most indefatigable worker.

—There are many instances of longevity in theatrical life. Wilkes lived 88 years, Quin 73, Garrick 65, Mrs. Garrick 98, Mrs. Clive 75, Beard 75, Rich 70, Macklin 107, Betterton 75, Mrs. Siddons 77, Quick 80, Colley Cibber 86, King 78, Cumberland 79, Dibdin 74, Murphy 78, Yates 97, Bannister 77, Bartley 74, Mrs. Bracegirdle 85, Braham 79, Dowton 89, Farren 85, Mrs. Glover 68, Hurley 72, Incledon 69, Jack Johnstone 78, Keeley 75, Liston 69, Mrs. Sparkes 83, Lee Sugg 85, Vining 78, H. Wallack 78, Mrs. Wallack 90.

—Mr. Charles Seymour, of Wisconsin, states that of the entire railway mileage of all countries, equivalent to four parallel tracks or lines around the globe, one-fourth is in the United States. Mr. Seymour might have added, as a fact showing the rapid increase of railway intercommunication, that there is not in the State of Massachusetts any spot of ground that is not within twelve miles of a railroad.

—Mario is on the way hither, in the same steamer with Baron Lederer, the Austrian minister, and one of the most accomplished, agreeable, and capable of all the diplomats at Washington.

—Spotted Tail is forty-seven years old, estimating by the number of rattles. The regular family record, such as we find in the old quarto Bible (full sheep), does not obtain with the noble red man.

—Sir John Rose, of the banking house of Morton, Rose, & Co. (New York and London), has been made a baronet by Queen Victoria, for his services in the formation of the Joint High Commission. In England, and to some small extent perhaps here, it is of service to have a "handle" to one's name. A (Sir John) Rose by any other name would not do quite as well on 'Change.

—A very, very old family, and very respectable, consisting of four brothers and two sisters, met by invitation a few days since at the house of a relative, Mr. Beekman Townsend, of Oyster Bay. Their ages are as follows: Mrs. Loretta Covert, of Brooklyn, aged 86 years; Joshua Cock, of Locust Valley, aged 84 years; James Cock, of Locust Valley, aged 80 years; Deborah Covert, of Flushing, aged 78 years; Samuel Cock, of Locust Valley, aged 72 years; and William T. Cock, of Locust Valley, aged 69 years. Their united ages amount to 469 years, and all are in good health. Although the meeting was apparently all square, friendly, and above-board, yet there is something about these old Cocks coming together in this way that is rather Covert.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The steamer *Metis*, of the Providence line, while on her trip from New York to Providence, was struck by a schooner about four o'clock on the morning of August 30, six miles from Watch Hill, Rhode Island, and sunk almost immediately. A portion of the vessel drifted ashore with a number of passengers. The *Metis* had on board 155 souls. Probably about one-third of these were lost.

The Pacific Mail steamship *Bienville*, which left this port for Aspinwall August 10, was burned at sea when five days out. Nineteen persons were drowned, and a boat-load of fifteen others is still missing.

Governor Hoffman, of New York, has appointed Attorney-General Barlow, Dr. Thomas Hun, and others to form a committee of investigation into the condition of the Bloomingdale and other lunatic asylums.

A chorus of 25,000 Sunday-school children gave a charity concert, August 25, in the Boston Coliseum. The Coliseum has been put up as a prize in a grand lottery scheme.

The New York Board of Aldermen have decided in favor of Sunday music in Central Park.

Right Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Newark, has been appointed Archbishop of Baltimore in place of the late Archbishop Spaulding.

In the United States District Court at Providence, Rhode Island, August 28, Judge Knowles adjudged the Cuban war vessel, the schooner *Pioneer*, forfeited to the United States, and ordered a warrant of sale.

Reports from forty-nine counties of West Virginia give Jacobs, the independent Democratic candidate, 2500 majority. The new constitution has probably been ratified by a small majority.

Pope Pius IX. has sent to the Right Rev. James Gibbons, Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, the bull creating him Bishop of Richmond, Virginia. He retains jurisdiction over North Carolina.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The insanity of the Empress Carlotta has assumed an acute character, and she is reported to be dying.

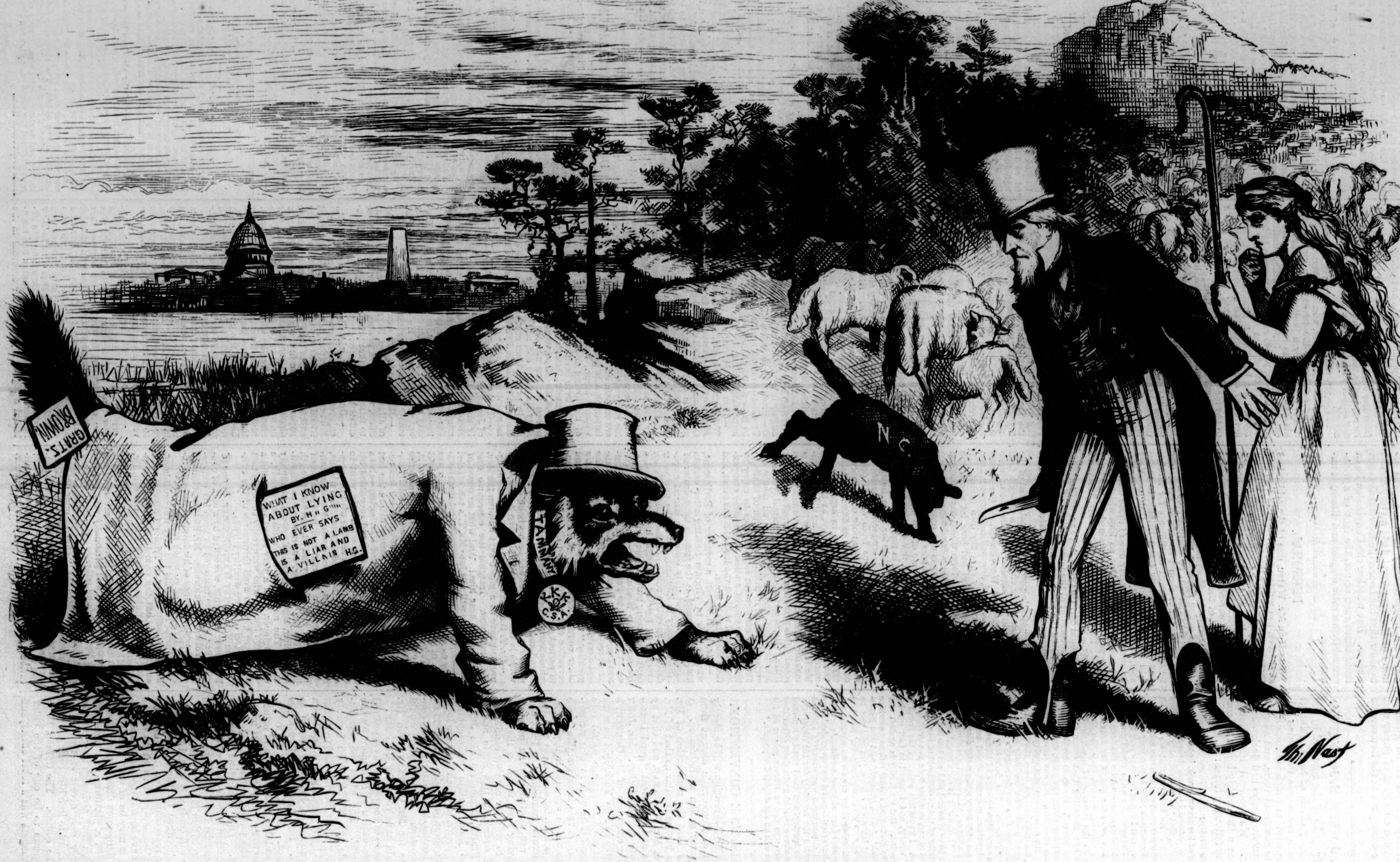
Mass-meetings are being held in various parts of England to protest against the high price of meat.

The meeting of the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia takes place at Berlin September 7.

It is announced as probable that the total amount of damages to be awarded by the Geneva Arbitrators to the United States will be between three and four millions sterling.

Complete returns of the elections for members of the Cortes have been received. They show that fourteen Alphonzistas, three Montpensierists, nine Unionistico-Dynastists, three Sagastaists, seventy-five republicans, and two hundred and ninety-four radicals were chosen. Emilio Castelar and Admiral Malcampo were among the successful candidates.

A dispatch from Oporto brings intelligence of a marine disaster near that city, attended with a most lamentable loss of life. The steamship *Perseveranza* went on shore during a fog, at the entrance of the harbor, and became a total loss. Thirty of the persons on board the vessel were drowned before assistance could reach them.


GRATS. BROWN.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT LYING BY. H" G"" WHO EVER SAYS THIS IS NOT A LAMB IS A LIAR AND A VILLAIN H.G.
TAMMANY
K.K.K. C.S.A.
N C
Th. Nast

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

"They propose to renew the fight, but not with gun and sabre. They expect to regain, as Democrats, through elections, the power they lost as rebels through war."—H. GREELEY (THE PROPHET).

—*See Letters dated Memphis, June* 3, 1871.

OUR FOREIGN CHURCH.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The Romish Church is the only religious sect among us that is wholly foreign in its character. No sooner did our people form themselves into a republic and separate from all European alliances than the Protestant denominations followed the example of the state. They hastened to enter upon a new system of church government, were organized under a common law, and shared in the progressive impulses of the rising nation. Presbyterians dissevered their connection with the General Assembly of Scotland, and declared their independence of all the trammels of royal supremacy; Methodists, then in their feeble dawn, rejected the control in political and ecclesiastical matters of their founders; even Episcopalians, still touched by a lingering taint of loyalty and an almost abject devotion to their parent church, threw aside the traditions of the past, asserted their own right of self-government, and revolted wholly from the control of the Archbishop of Canterbury and every European power. Hollander and Lutheran, Calvinist and Congregationalist, united in this timely movement; and our various Protestant bodies, with generous self-sacrifice, and at the cost of severing many natural ties and wounding many bitter prejudices, joined in urging onward the progress of freedom, and moulding our people into simple and self-reliant republicanism. Much of the success of our institutions is due to this patriotic devotion of the rival churches; much that they have never clamored for political power, and have ever submitted peacefully to the most distasteful requirements of the law.

Another eminent religious body has shown a sincere patriotism not surpassed by the Christian sects. Industrious, frugal, charitable, intelligent, the Jews, from the founding of the republic, have endeavored to perform the part of good citizens, have accepted, we are assured by their teachers, with gratitude and joy the generous gift of perfect equality, and have striven to repay by their loyalty the benefactions of the state. They have come to us burdened with many disadvantages. In the Old World they had known ceaseless persecution. The influence of Romish prejudice had made them outcasts and exiles. They had often learned to look even upon Protestants as bigoted to a strange excess. Their religion, rigid and exclusive, separated them from any intimate association with the people among whom they were thrown. Yet with that good sense that springs from their general cultivation, the Jews have forgotten the past to throw themselves boldly into the tide of American progress. They have obeyed the laws, however opposed to their own usages; they often keep a double Sabbath; they sustain the public schools without a murmur; they attend Christian colleges, and listen respectfully to religious services alien to their own; they keep their poor from the almshouses, and practice a general industry; and as they advance in the knowledge of our politics it is certain that pure republicanism will have no more resolute defenders than that Semitic race that has wandered to our shores in search of a peaceful home.

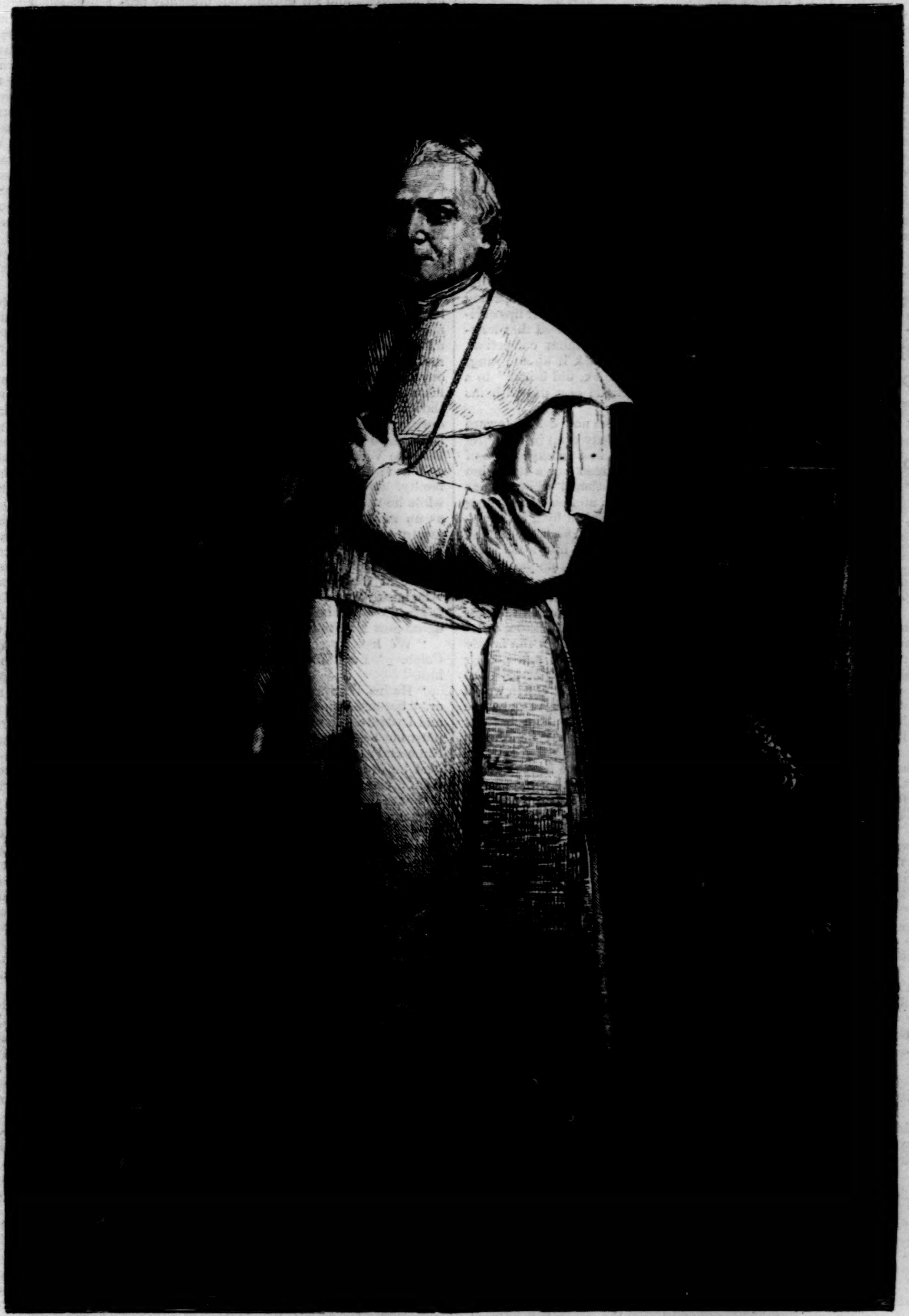
Yet one religious body has ever stood aloof from its fellows, and still maintains a dangerous isolation. The Romish Church alone refuses to separate itself from its European masters, to conform its government and its organization to the requirements of freedom. It still remains altogether a foreign church. Its supreme ruler is in Italy; its property and its priesthood are controlled by the decrees of the Pope. His limitless authority governs the appointment of every bishop from Maine to California, and the immense wealth held by the Romish Church in America is managed by the agents of an Italian priest. The patriotic self-devotion of the Protestant sects, which led them at once to sever their dependence upon European rulers, has never been imitated by the Romish priesthood; they have even increased the rigors of their own slavery; they have banished from their church organizations every trace of popular rule; they have made the Romish Church in America more rigidly dependent upon the Pope than even the German or the Gallican Church; they have scoffed at those instincts of freedom that have led the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian to introduce some elements of independence into their church government; they denounce as heretical every check upon the papal power; they have thrown themselves abjectly at the feet of the papacy, eager to be trampled upon; and they have created in our midst a vast organization, stretching its chain of despotism from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, rich, powerful, united, whose single aim is to extend the papal influence, and which is governed in all its policy by the subtle guidance of Rome.

That such an organization must be necessarily hostile to the institutions of freedom can scarcely be doubted. And the Romish Church has grown year by year more turbulent and aggressive, the source of increasing lawlessness and disorder. In its early weakness it abstained from political action: as it rose to power it clamored against the restraints of American law. While all other sects submitted peacefully to the few limitations upon religious liberty, the Romish Church has never ceased to find new grievances. Its foreign rulers have never permitted it to rest from its persistent attacks upon the principles of freedom. It demanded that all its property should be held by its bishops, and that its people should be deprived of the control of the secular affairs of the church; our Legislature imprudently yielded, and placed the property of native citizens in the hands of the agents of Rome. The Pope appoints and removes the bishops at will; the bishops control the possessions of "the church." No other sect is allowed this extraordinary privilege. It clamored against the Bible, and the Scriptures are no longer read in the schools of Cincinnati or of Hunter's Point. It denounced public instruction as "a social cancer;" it is waging a deathless war against the common schools; it refuses to permit its children to mingle with the children of Protestants; and while it furnishes three-fourths of the criminals and the paupers who prey upon the Protestant community, it is loud in its denunciations of American civilization; while its great mass of ignorant voters have been the chief source of our political ills, it cries out against the school tax, and would drive its children from the public schools.

The unpatriotic conduct of the Romish population in our chief cities during the rebellion is well known. They formed a constant menace and terror to the loyal citizens; they thronged "the peace meetings;" they strove to divide the Union; and when the war was over they placed in office their corrupt leaders, and plundered the impoverished community. At length the Presidential election approaches, and our foreign church has assumed more openly than ever before the form of a political faction. With remarkable unanimity the whole Romish press urges the defeat of President Grant and the election of his competitor. Romish priests, in the *Catholic Telegraph*, sound the praises of Mr. Greeley, declaim with bitter denunciations against "the four years of misrule" of the Republican administration, and join with their defense of Jesuitism an exhortation to all their followers to vote with the opposition. No other religious sect among us has ever before entered into a political contest; never before did a religious journal abandon, like the *Catholic Telegraph*, its proper sphere to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. And it may well excite a reasonable alarm in the Protestant portion of our community to find a foreign church, guided wholly in its policy by its Italian rulers—by that Jesuit influence which has won the mastery in the Romish councils—thus imprudently active in our national affairs. What do Romish bishops hope to win from Mr. Greeley that they have not obtained from President Grant? The *Catholic Telegraph* is noted chiefly for the bitter war it has waged against the public schools, for its ceaseless effort to separate the Romish population from all friendly intercourse with its Protestant neighbors, and for its calumnious charges against American civilization. Does it hope to find in Mr. Greeley an ally or an instrument? Does it fear the rigid impartiality of a Republican administration? And why is it that a church whose members were so active in their sympathy with the rebellion is joining in a final effort to place the fallen slave-holders once more in power?

All over Europe the Romish Church and its Jesuitical leaders are pursuing a similar policy. The priests have become active politicians. In Ireland, we are told, they control the elections by menaces, rebukes from the pulpit, and threats of excommunication, and have been arrested in large numbers for plain violations of the law. In England a recent letter-writer relates that they have already formed their ignorant members into a powerful political party, and that Archbishop Manning has organized his diocese with admirable skill. The Carlist insurrection in Spain was led by Romish priests. The Italian government is engaged in a vigorous conflict with the clerical party. Germany and Switzerland are agitated by the intrigues of the Jesuits. But apparently the struggle in America is watched with extraordinary attention by the whole Jesuitical faction in Europe. Like the Romish press of our own country, it urges its transatlantic adherents to vote for Mr. Greeley, and joins the *Catholic Telegraph* in lamenting the misrule of President Grant. The Berlin *Germania*, and every German reactionary paper that seeks to destroy German unity and revive the authority of the Pope, has responded to the nomination of Mr. Greeley and his allies with lavish encomiums. He is evidently the favorite of the Jesuits and of the extreme faction in the Romish Church; his cause is that of the priests who have been imprisoned in Ireland, and of those restless schemers who have striven to excite disloyalty among the Catholics of Germany, and have been driven ignominiously from their native land. But it is plain that the true nature of our present political contest is well understood in Germany. There every friend of German unity and of liberal progress sees with alarm the union of the priests and the rebels under the indiscreet guidance of a Greeley; they feel that many of their countrymen in America have been misled by the arts of the Jesuitical faction; they warn them that every vote given for Schurz or Greeley is a blow aimed against the peace and the independence of their father-land. So closely have the interests of nations become united that the election of Mr. Greeley, the candidate of disunion and of religious bigotry, would, in the opinion of the German liberals and Protestants, prove a subtle and dangerous assault upon the foundations of German unity.

We know that there are many prudent and patriotic Roman Catholics among us who have never shared in the dangerous schemes of the Jesuitical faction; who, like the Jew or the Presbyterian, the Methodist or Episcopalian, have accepted with gratitude and joy the duties as well as the privileges of the republic; who never during the rebellion took part in traitorous councils; who were always the firm defenders of union and of freedom; who never clamored against that system of education which has made us great, or have striven to excite sectarian dissensions in the home of religious liberty. But, at the same time, it would be unwise as well as unpatriotic to attempt to hide from ourselves or from others the dangerous aspect which the Romish Church has recently assumed in our own and other countries. Romish editors urging the nomination of Mr. Greeley, or an Archbishop Manning appointing his inferior priests electioneering agents in the heart of London, and forming the ignorant Irish voters into a formidable party, are indications of designs that must prove fatal to good order and the peace of nations. Here, at least, we can permit no clerical faction to rule and to destroy us. The genius of our institutions demands that any effort on the part of a foreign church to control our elections should be crushed at the moment of its discovery. If the Romish priests persist in driving their ignorant voters to the polls, as they have so often done, to advance their own power at the risk of the destruction of freedom, if they ally themselves with the disunionists at the South, and labor to revive the dying elements of chivalry and of tyranny, they will bring upon their church a speedy retribution,



OUR FOREIGN CHURCH—POPE PIUS THE NINTH ITS POLITICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL MASTER.

and meet with a final overthrow. Let them dread the vengeance of the people. A free and united nation will never suffer the agents of an Italian ruler to plot against its institutions. They will remember that the Romish Church has never consented to become, like its rival churches, American in its principles, and that its existence among us must ever prove dangerous to the nation, which has so often felt its ingratitude.

"Nearly all the Catholic papers of the United States," we are told by the London *Tablet*, "support Mr. Greeley;" and what dangerous schemes keep alive the zeal of this organ of Archbishop Manning we are informed in a remarkable editorial. It is entitled "The Religious War." It suggests that France will once more rise from its depression, and will lead on the chivalry of Europe against the German and Italian enemies of Rome. The Catholics of the whole world are to rally around the French crusaders. The French fleet may ravage the coasts of Italy. Russia and Austria are to assail the German empire. The *Tablet* exults over the dreadful ruin that is to fall upon its foes with the barbarous zeal of the Middle Ages, and our German population, Catholic and Protestant, may well study this mad scheme for the destruction of their father-land. It will show them that every vote given for Mr. Greeley and the party of reaction will serve to encourage those cruel hopes of a universal war that animate, in Europe and America, the extreme faction of the papacy; that the election of the candidate of the Romish press and of our foreign church will be taken as a proof of the sympathy of American freemen with the enemies of German unity.

(Continued from No. 818, page 671.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK IV.

THREE LOVE PROBLEMS.

CHAPTER XL.

"Wise in his daily work was he:
To fruits of diligence,
And not to faiths or polity,
He plied his utmost sense.
These perfect in their little parts,
Whose work is all their prize—
Without them how could laws, or arts,
Or towered cities rise?"

In watching effects, if only of an electric battery, it is often necessary to change our place and examine a particular mixture or group at some distance from the point where the movement we are interested in was set up. The group I am moving toward is at Caleb Garth's breakfast-table in the large parlor where the maps and desk were: father, mother, and five of the children. Mary was just now at home waiting for a situation, while Christy, the boy next to her, was getting cheap learning and cheap fare in Scotland, having to his father's disappointment taken to books instead of that sacred calling "business."

The letters had come—nine costly letters, for which the postman had been paid three and twopence, and Mr. Garth was forgetting his tea and toast while he read his letters and laid them open one above the other, sometimes swaying his head slowly, sometimes screwing up his mouth in inward debate, but not forgetting to cut off a large red seal unbroken, which Letty snatched up like an eager terrier.

The talk among the rest went on unrestrainedly, for nothing disturbed Caleb's absorption except shaking the table when he was writing.

Two letters of the nine had been for Mary. After reading them, she had passed them to her mother, and sat playing with her tea-spoon absently, till with a sudden recollection she returned to her sewing, which she had kept on her lap during breakfast.

"Oh, don't sew, Mary!" said Ben, pulling her arm down. "Make me a peacock with this bread-crumb." He had been kneading a small mass for the purpose.

"No, no, Mischief!" said Mary, good-humoredly, while she pricked his hand lightly with her needle. "Try and mould it yourself: you have seen me do it often enough. I must get this sewing done. It is for Rosamond Vincy: she is to be married next week, and she can't be married without this handkerchief." Mary ended merrily, amused with the last notion.

"Why can't she, Mary?" said Letty, seriously interested in this mystery, and pushing her head so close to her sister that Mary now turned the threatening needle toward Letty's nose.

"Because this is one of a dozen, and without it there would only be eleven," said Mary, with a grave air of explanation, so that Letty sank back with a sense of knowledge.

"Have you made up your mind, my dear?" said Mrs. Garth, laying the letters down.

"I shall go to the school at York," said Mary. "I am less unfit to teach in a school than in a family. I like to teach classes best. And, you see, I must teach: there is nothing else to be done."

"Teaching seems to me the most delightful work in the world," said Mrs. Garth, with a touch of rebuke in her tone. "I could understand your objection to it if you had not knowledge enough, Mary, or if you disliked children."

"I suppose we never quite understand why another dislikes what we like, mother," said Mary, rather curtly. "I am not fond of a school-room: I like the outside world better. It is a very inconvenient fault of mine."

"It must be very stupid to be always in a girls' school," said Alfred. "Such a set of nincompoops, like Mrs. Ballard's pupils walking two and two."

"And they have no games worth playing at," said Jim. "They can neither throw nor leap. I don't wonder at Mary's not liking it."

"What is that Mary doesn't like, eh?" said the father, looking over his spectacles and pausing before he opened his next letter.

"Being among a lot of nincompoop girls," said Alfred.

"Is it the situation you had heard of, Mary?" said Caleb, gently, looking at his daughter.

"Yes, father: the school at York. I have determined to take it. It is quite the best. Thirty-five pounds a year, and extra pay for teaching the smallest strummers at the piano."

"Poor child! I wish she could stay at home with us, Susan," said Caleb, looking plaintively at his wife.

"Mary would not be happy without doing her duty," said Mrs. Garth, magisterially, conscious of having done her own.

"It wouldn't make me happy to do such a nasty duty as that," said Alfred—at which Mary and her father laughed silently, but Mrs. Garth said, gravely,

"Do find a fitter word than nasty, my dear Alfred, for every thing that you think disagreeable. And suppose that Mary could help you to go to Mr. Hanmer's with the money she gets?"

"That seems to me a great shame. But she's an old brick," said Alfred, rising from his chair and pulling Mary's head backward to kiss her.

Mary colored and laughed, but could not conceal that the tears were coming. Caleb, looking on over his spectacles, with the angles of his eyebrows falling, had an expression of mingled delight and sorrow as he returned to the opening of his letter; and even Mrs. Garth, her lips curling with a calm contentment, allowed that inappropriate language to pass without correction, although Ben immediately took it up and sang, "She's an old brick, old brick, old brick!" to a cantering measure, which he beat out with his fist on Mary's arm.

But Mrs. Garth's eyes were now drawn toward her husband, who was already deep in the letter he was reading. His face had an expression of grave surprise, which alarmed her a little, but he did not like to be questioned while he was reading, and she remained anxiously watching till she saw him suddenly shaken by a little joyous laugh as he turned back to the beginning of the letter, and looking at her above his spectacles, said, in a low tone, "What do you think, Susan?"

She went and stood behind him, putting her hand on his shoulder, while they read the letter together. It was from Sir James Chettam, offering to Mr. Garth the management of the family estates at Freshitt and elsewhere, and adding that Sir James had been requested by Mr. Brooke of Tipton to ascertain whether Mr. Garth would be disposed at the same time to resume the agency of the Tipton property. The baronet added in very obliging words that he himself was particularly desirous of seeing the Freshitt and Tipton estates under the same management, and he hoped to be able to show that the double agency might be held on terms agreeable to Mr. Garth, whom he would be glad to see at the Hall at twelve o'clock on the following day.

"He writes handsomely, doesn't he, Susan?" said Caleb, turning his eyes upward to his wife, who raised her hand from his shoulder to his ear, while she rested her chin on his head. "Brooke didn't like to ask me himself, I can see," he continued, laughing silently.

"Here is an honor to your father, children," said Mrs. Garth, looking round at the five pair of eyes, all fixed on the parents. "He is asked to take a post again by those who dismissed him long ago. That shows that he did his work well, so that they feel the want of him."

"Like Cincinnatus—hooray!" said Ben, riding on his chair, with a pleasant confidence that discipline was relaxed.

"Will they come to fetch him, mother?" said Letty, thinking of the mayor and corporation in their robes.

Mrs. Garth patted Letty's head and smiled, but seeing that her husband was gathering up his letters and likely soon to be out of reach in that sanctuary "business," she pressed his shoulder and said, emphatically,

"Now mind you ask fair pay, Caleb."

"Oh yes," said Caleb, in a deep voice of assent, as if it would be unreasonable to suppose any thing else of him. "It 'll come to between four and five hundred, the two together." Then with a little start of remembrance he said, "Mary, write and give up that school. Stay and help your mother. I'm as pleased as Punch, now I've thought of that."

No manner could have been less like that of Punch triumphant than Caleb's, but his talents did not lie in finding phrases, though he was very particular about his letter-writing, and regarded his wife as a treasury of correct language.

There was almost an uproar among the children now, and Mary held up the cambric embroidery toward her mother entreatingly, that it might be put out of reach while the boys dragged her into a dance. Mrs. Garth, in placid joy, began to put the cups and plates together, while Caleb, pushing his chair from the table as if he were going to move to the desk, still sat holding his letters in his hand and looking on the ground meditatively, stretching out the fingers of his left hand, according to a mute language of his own. At last he said:

"It's a thousand pities Christy didn't take to business, Susan. I shall want help by-and-by. And Alfred must go off to the engineering—I've made up my mind to that." He fell into meditation and finger-rhetoric again for a little while, and then continued: "I shall make Brooke have new agreements with the tenants, and I shall draw up a rotation of crops. And I'll lay a wager we can get fine bricks out of the clay at Bott's corner. I must look into that: it would cheapen the repairs. It's a fine bit of work, Susan! A man without a family would be glad to do it for nothing."

"Mind you don't, though," said his wife, lifting up her finger.

"No, no; but it's a fine thing to come to a man when he's seen into the nature of business: to have the chance of getting a bit of the country into good fettle, as they say, and putting men into the right way with their farming, and getting a bit of good contriving and solid building done—that those who are living and those who come after will be the better for. I'd sooner have it than a fortune. I hold it the most honorable work that is." Here Caleb laid down his letters, thrust his fingers between the buttons of his waistcoat, and sat upright, but presently proceeded, with some awe in his voice, and moving his head slowly aside, "It's a great gift of God, Susan."

"That it is, Caleb," said his wife, with answering fervor. "And it will be a blessing to your children to have had a father who did such work: a father whose good work remains though his name may be forgotten." She could not say any more to him then about the pay.

In the evening, when Caleb, rather tired with his day's work, was seated in silence with his pocket-book open on his knee, while Mrs. Garth and Mary were at their sewing, and Letty in a corner was whispering a dialogue with her doll, Mr. Farebrother came up the orchard walk, dividing the bright August lights and shadows with the tufted grass and the apple-tree boughs. We know that he was fond of his parishioners the Garths, and had thought Mary worth mentioning to Lydgate. He used to the full the clergyman's privilege of disregarding the Middlemarch discrimination of ranks, and always told his mother that Mrs. Garth was more of a lady than any matron in the town. Still, you see, he spent his evenings at the Vincys', where the matron, though less of a lady, presided over a well-lit drawing-room and whist. In those days human intercourse was not determined solely by respect. But the Vicar did heartily respect the Garths, and a visit from him was no surprise to that family. Nevertheless he accounted for it even while he was shaking hands by saying, "I come as an envoy, Mrs. Garth: I have something to say to you and Garth on behalf of Fred Vincy. The fact is, poor fellow," he continued, as he seated himself and looked round with his bright glance at the three who were listening to him, "he has taken me into his confidence."

Mary's heart beat rather quickly: she wondered how far Fred's confidence had gone.

"We haven't seen the lad for months," said Caleb. "I couldn't think what was become of him."

"He has been away on a visit," said the Vicar, "because home was a little too hot for him, and Lydgate told his mother that the poor fellow must not begin to study yet. But yesterday he came and poured himself out to me. I am very glad he did, because I have seen him grow up from a youngster of fourteen, and I am so much at home in the house that the children are like nephews and nieces to me. But it is a difficult case to advise upon. However, he has asked me to come and tell you that he is going away, and that he is so miserable about his debt to you, and his inability to pay, that he can't bear to come himself even to bid you good-by."

"Tell him it doesn't signify a farthing," said Caleb, waving his hand. "We've had the pinch, and have got over it. And now I'm going to be as rich as a Jew."

"Which means," said Mrs. Garth, smiling at the Vicar, "that we are going to have enough to bring up the boys well, and to keep Mary at home."

"What is the treasure-trove?" said Mr. Farebrother.

"I am going to be agent for two estates, Freshitt and Tipton, and perhaps for a pretty little bit of land in Lowick besides: it's all the same family connection, and employment spreads like water if it's once set going. It makes me very happy, Mr. Farebrother"—here Caleb threw back his head a little, and spread his arms on the elbows of his chair—"that I've got an opportunity again with the letting of the land, and carrying out a notion or two with improvements. It's a most uncommonly cramping thing, as I've often told Susan, to sit on horseback and look over the hedges at the wrong thing, and not be able to put your hand to it to make it right. What people do who go into politics I can't think: it drives me almost mad to see mismanagement over only a few hundred acres."

It was seldom that Caleb volunteered so long a speech, but his happiness had the effect of mountain air: his eyes were bright, and the words came without effort.

"I congratulate you heartily, Garth," said the Vicar. "This is the best sort of news I could have had to carry to Fred Vincy, for he dwelt a good deal on the injury he had done you in causing you to part with money—robbing you of it, he said—which you wanted for other purposes. I wish Fred were not such an idle dog; he has some very good points, and his father is a little hard upon him."

"Where is he going?" said Mrs. Garth, rather coldly.

"He means to try again for his degree, and he is going up to study before term. I have advised him to do that. I don't urge him to enter the church—on the contrary. But if he will go and work so as to pass, that will be some guarantee that he has energy and a will; and he is quite at sea; he doesn't know what else to do. So far he will please his father, and I have promised in the mean time to try and reconcile Vincy to his son's adopting some other line of life. Fred says frankly he is not fit for a clergyman, and I would do any thing I could to hinder a man from the fatal step of choosing the wrong profession. He quoted to me what you said, Miss Garth—do you remember it?" (Mr. Farebrother used to say "Mary" instead of "Miss Garth," but it was part of his delicacy to treat her with the more deference because, according to Mrs. Vincy's phrase, she worked for her bread.)

Mary felt uncomfortable, but, determined to take the matter lightly, answered at once, "I have said so many impertinent things to Fred—we are such old playfellows."

"You said, according to him, that he would be one of those ridiculous clergymen who help to make the whole clergy ridiculous. Really, that was so cutting that I felt a little cut myself."

Caleb laughed. "She gets her tongue from you, Susan," he said, with some enjoyment.

"Not its flippancy, father," said Mary, quickly, fearing that her mother would be displeased. "It is rather too bad of Fred to repeat my flippant speeches to Mr. Farebrother."

"It was certainly a hasty speech, my dear," said Mrs. Garth, with whom speaking evil of dignities was a high misdemeanor. "We should not value our Vicar the less because there was a ridiculous curate in the next parish."

"There's something in what she says, though," said Caleb, not disposed to have Mary's sharpness undervalued. "A bad workman of any sort makes his fellows mistrusted. Things hang together," he added, looking on the floor and moving his feet uneasily with a sense that words were scantier than thoughts.

"Clearly," said the Vicar, amused. "By being contemptible we set men's minds to the tune of contempt. I certainly agree with Miss Garth's view of the matter, whether I am condemned by it or not. But as to Fred Vincy, it is only fair he should be excused a little: old Featherstone's delusive behavior did help to spoil him. There was something quite diabolical in not leaving him a farthing after all. But Fred has the good taste not to dwell on that. And what he cares most about is having offended you, Mrs. Garth; he supposes you will never think well of him again."

"I have been disappointed in Fred," said Mrs. Garth, with decision. "But I shall be ready to think well of him again when he gives me good reason to do so."

At this point Mary went out of the room, taking Letty with her.

"Oh, we must forgive young people when they're sorry," said Caleb, watching Mary close the door. "And as you say, Mr. Farebrother, there was the very devil in that old man. Now Mary's gone out, I must tell you a thing—it's only known to Susan and me, and you'll not tell it again. The old scoundrel wanted Mary to burn one of the wills the very night he died, when she was sitting up with him by herself, and he offered her a sum of money that he had in the box by him if she would do it. But Mary, you understand, could do no such thing—would not be handling his iron chest, and so on. Now, you see, the will he wanted burned was this last, so that if Mary had done what he wanted, Fred Vincy would have had ten thousand pounds. The old man did turn to him at the last. That touches poor Mary close; she couldn't help it—she was in the right to do what she did, but she feels, as she says, much as if she had knocked down somebody's property and broken it against her will, when she was rightfully defending herself. I feel with her, somehow, and if I could make any amends to the poor lad, instead of bearing him a grudge for the harm he did us, I should be glad to do it. Now what is your opinion, Sir? Susan doesn't agree with me. She says—tell what you say, Susan."

"Mary could not have acted otherwise, even if she had known what would be the effect on Fred," said Mrs. Garth, pausing from her work and looking at Mr. Farebrother. "And she was quite ignorant of it. It seems to me, a loss which falls on another because we have done right is not to lie upon our conscience."

The Vicar did not answer immediately, and Caleb said, "It's the feeling. The child feels in that way, and I feel with her. You don't mean your horse to tread on a dog when you're backing out of the way; but it goes through you when it's done."

"I am sure Mrs. Garth would agree with you there," said Mr. Farebrother, who for some reason seemed more inclined to ruminate than to speak. "One could hardly say that the feeling you mention about Fred is wrong—or, rather, mistaken—though no man ought to make a claim on such feeling."

"Well, well," said Caleb; "it's a secret. You will not tell Fred."

"Certainly not. But I shall carry the other good news—that you can afford the loss he caused you."

Mr. Farebrother left the house soon after, and seeing Mary in the orchard with Letty, went to say good-by to her. They made a pretty picture in the western light which brought out the brightness of the apples on the old scant-leaved boughs—Mary in her lavender gingham and black ribbons holding a basket, while Letty in her well-worn nankin picked up the fallen apples. If you want to know more particularly how Mary looked, ten to one you will see a face like hers in the crowded street to-morrow, if you are there on the watch: she will not be among those daughters of Zion who are haughty, and walk with stretched-out necks and wanton eyes, mincing as they go: let all those pass, and fix your eyes on some small, plump, brownish person of firm but quiet carriage, who looks about her, but does not suppose that any body is looking at her. If she has a broad face and square brow, well-marked eyebrows and curly dark hair, a certain expression of amusement in her glance which her mouth keeps the secret of, and for the rest features entirely insignificant—take that ordinary but not disagreeable person for a portrait of Mary Garth. If you made her smile, she would show you perfect little teeth; if you made her angry, she would not raise her voice, but would probably say one of the bitterest things you have ever tasted the flavor of; if you did her a kindness, she would never forget it. Mary admired the keen-faced handsome little Vicar in his well-brushed threadbare clothes more than any man she had had the opportunity of knowing. She had never heard him say a foolish thing, though she knew that he did unwise ones; and perhaps foolish sayings were more objectionable to her than any of Mr. Farebrother's unwise doings. At least it was remarkable that the actual imperfections of the Vicar's clerical character never seemed to call forth the same scorn and dislike which she showed beforehand for the predicted imperfections of the clerical character sustained by Fred Vincy. These irregularities of judgment, I imagine, are found even in riper minds than Mary Garth's: our impartiality is kept for abstract merit and demerit, which none of us ever saw. Will any one guess toward which of those widely different men Mary had the peculiar woman's tenderness?—the one she was most inclined to be severe on, or the contrary?

"Have you any message for your old playfellow, Miss Garth?" said the Vicar, as he took a fragrant apple from the basket which she held toward him, and put it in his pocket. "Something to soften down that harsh judgment? I am going straight to see him."

"No," said Mary, shaking her head and smiling. "If I were to say that he would not be ridiculous as a clergyman, I must say that he would be something worse than ridiculous. But I am very glad to hear that he is going away to work."

"On the other hand, I am very glad to hear that *you* are not going away to work. My mother, I am sure, will be all the happier if you will come to see her at the vicarage; you know she is fond of having young people to talk to, and she has a great deal to tell about old times. You will really be doing a kindness."

"I should like it very much, if I may," said Mary. "Every thing seems too happy for me all at once. I thought it would always be part of my life to long for home, and losing that grievance makes me feel rather empty: I suppose it served instead of sense to fill up my mind."

"May I go with you, Mary?" whispered Letty—a most inconvenient child, who listened to every thing. But she was made exultant by having her chin pinched and her cheek kissed by Mr. Farebrother—an incident which she narrated to her mother and father.

As the Vicar walked to Lowick any one watching him closely might have seen him twice shrug his shoulders. I think that the rare Englishmen who have this gesture are never of the heavy type—for fear of any lumbering instance to the contrary, I will say, hardly ever: they have usually a fine temperament and much tolerance toward the smaller errors of men (themselves inclusive). The Vicar was holding an inward dialogue in which he told himself that there was probably something more between Fred and Mary Garth than the regard of old playfellows, and replied with a question whether that bit of womanhood were not a great deal too choice for that crude young gentleman. The rejoinder to this was the first shrug. Then he laughed at himself for being likely to have felt jealous, as if he had been a man able to marry, which, added he, it is as clear as any balance-sheet that I am not. Whereupon followed the second shrug.

What could two men, so different from each other, see in this "brown patch," as Mary called herself? It was certainly not her plainness that attracted them (and let all plain young ladies be warned against the dangerous encouragement given them by Society to confide in their want of beauty). A human being in this aged nation of ours is a very wonderful whole, the slow creation of long interchanging influences; and charm is a result of two such wholes, the one loving and the one loved.

When Mr. and Mrs. Garth were sitting alone, Caleb said, "Susan, guess what I'm thinking of."

"The rotation of crops," said Mrs. Garth, smiling at him above her knitting, "or else the back-doors of the Tipton cottages."

"No," said Caleb, gravely; "I am thinking that I could do a great turn for Fred Vincy. Christy's gone, Alfred will be gone soon, and it will be five years before Jim is ready to take to business. I shall want help, and Fred might come in and learn the nature of things and act under me, and it might be the making of him into a useful man, if he gives up being a parson. What do you think?"

"I think there is hardly any thing honest that his family would object to more," said Mrs. Garth, decidedly.

"What care I about their objecting?" said Caleb, with a sturdiness which he was apt to show when he had an opinion. "The lad is of age and must get his bread. He has sense enough and quickness enough; he likes being on the land, and it's my belief that he could learn business well if he gave his mind to it."

"But would he? His father and mother wanted him to be a fine gentleman, and I think he has the same sort of feeling himself. They all think us beneath them. And if the proposal came from you, I am sure Mrs. Vincy would say that we wanted Fred for Mary."

"Life is a poor tale, if it is to be settled by nonsense of that sort," said Caleb, with disgust.

"Yes, but there is a certain pride which is proper, Caleb."

"I call it improper pride to let fools' notions hinder you from doing a good action. There's no sort of work," said Caleb, with fervor, putting out his hand and moving it up and down to mark his emphasis, "that could ever be done well if you minded what fools say. You must have it inside you that your plan is right, and that plan you must follow."

"I will not oppose any plan you have set your mind on, Caleb," said Mrs. Garth, who was a firm woman, but knew that there were some points on which her mild husband was yet firmer. "Still, it seems to be fixed that Fred is to go back to college: will it not be better to wait and see what he will choose to do after that? It is not easy to keep people against their will. And you are not yet quite sure enough of your own position, or what you will want."

"Well, it may be better to wait a bit. But as to my getting plenty of work for two, I'm pretty sure of that. I've always had my hands full with scattered things, and there's always something fresh turning up. Why, only yesterday—bless me, I don't think I told you!—it was rather odd that two men should have been at me on different sides to do the same bit of valuing. And who do you think they were?" said Caleb, taking a pinch of snuff and holding it up between his fingers, as if it were a part of his exposition. He was fond of a pinch when it occurred to him, but he usually forgot that this indulgence was at his command.

His wife held down her knitting and looked attentive.

"Why, that Rigg, or Rigg Featherstone, was one. But Bulstrode was before him, so I'm going to do it for Bulstrode. Whether it's mortgage or purchase they're going for I can't tell yet."

"Can that man be going to sell the land just left him—which he has taken the name for?" said Mrs. Garth.

"Deuce knows," said Caleb, who never referred the knowledge of discreditable doings to any higher power than the deuce. "But Bulstrode has long been wanting to get a handsome bit of land under his fingers—that I know. And it's a difficult matter to get, in this part of the country."

Caleb scattered his snuff carefully instead of taking it, and then added, "The ins and outs of things are curious. Here is the land they've been all along expecting for Fred, which it seems the old man never meant to leave him a foot of, but left it to this side-slip of a son that he kept in the dark, and thought of his sticking there and vexing every body as well as he could have vexed 'em himself if he could have kept alive. I say, it would be curious if it got into Bulstrode's hands after all. The old man hated him, and never would bank with him."

"What reason could the miserable creature have for hating a man whom he had nothing to do with?" said Mrs. Garth.

"Pooh! where's the use of asking for such fellows' reasons? The soul of man," said Caleb, with the deep tone and grave shake of the head which always came when he used this phrase—"the soul of man, when it gets fairly rotten, will bear you all sorts of poisonous toad-stools, and no eye can see whence came the seed thereof."

It was one of Caleb's quaintnesses that, in his difficulty of finding speech for his thought, he caught, as it were, snatches of diction which he associated with various points of view or states of mind; and whenever he had a feeling of awe he was haunted by a sense of Biblical phraseology, though he could hardly have given a strict quotation.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Gentle September, thou art here!" and even in this most uncertain and unprecedented of years we have hopes that we shall recognize the harvest month by "the tempered heat that lingers in the sun's spent rays." September is a favorite month, bringing gifts of luscious fruit and golden grain—bringing also, this year, promise of moderate temperature instead of the terrors of protracted heat. August made few friends at his last coming; fierce and unrelenting seemed he, as torrid days and nights lengthened into weeks—a heated term which at the time seemed unendurable. But poor August seldom gives satisfation; if he brings heat, we fret; if cold, we say, "How unseasonable!" If it is dry, we lament for the scant hay crop; if wet, we groan over the injured grain and fruit. How seldom, alas! we thankfully remember any blessings brought by the weather, so habitual are complaints concerning it. Last year at this time, between the drought and the plague of grasshoppers, there was scarcely left any green thing in many sections; now almost every where vegetation is fresh and flourishing, from the frequent and abundant rains. Extraordinary as the summer has been in its protracted heat, its violent storms, its sudden changes, there has been no widespread epidemic stretching its black death-wing over our cities; absentees do not fear to return to their homes, which seem all the more dear after wanderings which, however pleasant, have involved many privations.

Western cities grow with wonderful rapidity. In 1838 St. Paul had but three inhabitants, one of whom "still lives;" in 1849 it had 400 inhabitants; in 1855, 4400; in 1857, 9973; in 1865, 13,210; in 1870, 20,045; and in 1872, about 30,000. The growth of Minneapolis is not far behind that of St. Paul. The infant colony of Colorado Springs, about seventy-five miles from Denver, had no existence a year ago. Now it numbers one hundred and fifty-nine houses, has a large hotel, which is constantly crowded, two or three churches, four public parks, several embryo public institutions, and a newspaper.

The Church of the Disciples—Mr. Hepworth's new church—is expected to be ready for occupancy next January. It is on the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue, and will be one of the largest in the city, having accommodations for 3000 persons.

Lake Tahoe is the wonder of California—though California, to be sure, has many wonders. This gem of lakes is the largest in the world at the same elevation, being from eight to ten thousand feet above the sea, and walled in by mountains which rise two or three thousand feet above the surface of its waters. These same waters have three distinct colors: near the shore pure emerald, farther out a deep and beautiful blue, and toward the centre of the lake an inky black. No purer water can be found any where. Lake Tahoe is thirty-five miles long and fifteen wide, and four varieties of trout sport in its waters—the silver, black, red, and cross breeds. The mountains surrounding the lake are studded with pine and cedar, tamarack being the most attractive and graceful of the trees. An endless variety of shrubs and undergrowth, and flowers of varied colors and delicate and tiny shapes, carpet the mountain-sides, or bespangle the meadow slopes near the water. The thermometer in the vicinity of this lake varies from fifty to eighty degrees, seventy being the average summer temperature.

Connecticut boys are worth $250 apiece; Ohio boys are valued at $10,000. This inference is drawn from the fact that a boy having been run over and killed at Blandford, Connecticut, the case was settled for $250; while a man who shot a boy who was stealing some cherries in Cincinnati has been sued for $10,000.

A sensible ape in the London Zoological Gardens favors the Darwinian theory. He is gifted by nature with a fine tenor voice, and has concluded that he should no longer hide his talents. Hence he has suddenly begun to sing. His melodies may be those of ancient times, and not comprehended fully by the present man. There is no question but that he has a voice of remarkable power and compass.

At a hotel up among the mountains a few evenings ago there was a "sheet and pillow-case" party. (Is any one so ignorant as not to know what that is?) Two of the company, for the sake of having some fun, approached Henry Ward Beecher, who happened to be staying at the hotel. Extending their congratulations, they announced themselves as "Greeley men." "I am glad to see you," responded Mr. B., "and hope to see all your party in grave-clothes before November."

The *Evening Mail* is a very enterprising paper, and manages to give its readers many spicy items not familiar to common folks. This is its version of an old story we remember to have read a long time ago in the book of Acts, chapter xx. verse 9:

> "Second-story windows are miserable places to go to sleep in. They are very uncomfortable, especially if a person chance to wake up on the sidewalk below with a broken neck. A very estimable young man in St. Louis tried it a few nights ago, and it is to be presumed that Morpheus got tired of holding him in such a difficult position, and let him drop. His friends gathered him up in the morning, but could make no farther use of him, and have laid him in the cold, cold ground."

New England girls are sensible to do such work as they can get. Among the table girls at the Ocean House, Old Orchard, are fifteen school-teachers. At nearly all the great mountain and sea-side resorts in New England there may be found waiting on the tables accomplished young ladies, who thus employ their vacations.

In Cashmere 100,000 persons are employed in the shawl manufacture. The weavers are all men, and most of the spinners women. The real Cashmere thread is made from the down, not the hair, of the Thibet goat. This down, or wool, is all carried to Cashmere for manufacture, the business being under such strict governmental control that no real wool can be sold, or smuggled into any other province of India. Fine shawls are made in other provinces and sold as genuine Cashmere, but are an inferior article. These shawls are of two kinds: one is made by weaving small pieces and sewing them together, the other by embroidering the pattern on a plain woven cloth. The weaving of a shawl of ordinary pattern occupies three weavers three months; the more elaborate ones from twelve to fifteen months.

A visitor at St. John, New Brunswick, says that there are no trees to speak of in the town; that while the public park, King Square, boasts a few, they are exceedingly small in size. Neither are the houses elegant—they are wooden, and generally unpainted. What attractions St. John has for the outside world may be difficult to understand, for it is really a fashionable summer resort, full of strangers from all quarters. But it is a cool, clean, healthy place, and, moreover, a charming one.

It often rains on the summit of Mount Washington; indeed, some slanderous person asserts that it rains there half of the time, and that when it doesn't exactly rain, it is dewy and damp. Then it is that some fifty or seventy-five people are packed into the Tiptop House, which will comfortably hold not more than half that number. What a pity that mountains are not owned by the United States! Somebody always obtains a monopoly of delightful regions, and then charges the poor public a good round sum for looking at them. One can not get to any noted spot without going over private ground; and then you are forced to pay somebody for showing you what lies right before your eyes. An American traveler abroad, who suffered much by the importunities of guides whose services he did not need, adopted the following plan: "When I see one approaching," said he, in commenting on the matter, "I at once offer to guide him. It is an idea from which he does not rally in time to annoy us. The other day I offered to show a persistent fellow through an old ruin for fifty kreutzers; as his price for showing us was forty-eight, we did not come to terms."

In 1848 a French woman, who earned her living by washing, was passing in the streets of Paris when a pistol was fired at M. Thiers. The bullet missed the intended victim, and lodged in the flesh of the woman. She is now in her fifty-ninth year, and enjoys saying to the President, "I received in my arms the bullet which was destined for you in 1848."

Peaches can be peeled rapidly by dipping them for an instant into strong hot lye, and afterward into cold water.

Certain English botanists are engaged in the acclimatization of a plant brought from New Granada, which will enter into competition with our ink manufacturers. It is the *Coriaria thymifolia*, or ink plant. The juice which is extracted from it, and which is called "canchi," is at first of a reddish tint, but in the space of a few hours assumes a hue of the deepest black, and can be used in its natural state without preparation. The merit of this canchi consists in its not affecting steel pens as the ordinary ink does, and besides, it will resist the action of time and the influence of chemical agencies. During the Spanish régime all the public documents were written with this ink, otherwise they would have been rendered illegible through the influence of the sea-water.

Extraordinary news has come from the stars. Dr. Huggins, the eminent English spectroscopist, by uniting spectroscopic appliances with a fine telescope which has been placed at his disposal by the Royal Astronomical Society, in London, has made remarkable discoveries. He finds that many of the stars are traveling far more swiftly than has been supposed. Sirius is receding from the earth at a rate exceeding twenty miles a second. Arcturus is traveling toward us at a rate of some fifty miles a second. Dr. Huggins can trace a tendency among the stars in one part of the heavens to approach the earth, while the stars in the opposite part of the heavens are receding from us; and the stars which are approaching lie on that side of the heavens toward which Herschel long since taught us that the sun is traveling. But there are stars not obeying this simple law; and among these Dr. Huggins recognizes instances of that community of motion to which a modern student of the stars has given the name of star-drift. It happens that one of the most remarkable of these instances relates to five well-known stars known to astronomers as Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta, of the Great Bear, all of which are drifting bodily through space, and receding from the earth at the rate of about thirty miles per second.

"Raine's Charity," in the London parish of St. George, has existed since the beginning of the last century. It takes its name from its founder, and its object is the presenting of a marriage-portion of one hundred pounds to those young women who, having received the required education in the schools of the charity, shall, at the age of twenty-two, be best recommended by those whom they have served, after leaving the schools, for piety, industry, and continuance in the principles of the Church of England. These marriage-portions are distributed by lot every 1st of May and 26th of December. Six girls are chosen as candidates, and the unsuccessful, if they continue unmarried, may draw again from time to time till they obtain the prize. The wedding of one of the fortunate prize-winners takes place at the same time as the drawing for another of the portions, and the 1st of May is a day of exciting interest and cheerfulness throughout the London parish of St. George. The church-bells ring, a flag flies from the top of the church tower, the happy couple who receive the money are married at the church in presence of all the children of the schools and the trustees of the charity, and then the whole party return to the asylum, where the next marriage-portion is drawn for.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"What prevail along the coast?" asked a teacher of a pupil. "Dense fogs." So stood the question and answer in our geographies. It was after school-hours, but the teacher was bound to do her duty, and kept us there to learn a lesson we did not learn in school-time. "What prevail along the coast?" asked the teacher again. "Bull-frogs!" was the startling and prompt reply.

A gentleman who has been enjoying the "comforts" of a country boarding-house says that his bed constantly reminded him of Richard III., because it was "deformed, unfinished," and "scarce half made up."

Arms have they, yet toil not—Chairs.

Hands have they, yet steal not—Clocks.

"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here."

As showing how easily the most absurd mistakes in typography may arise, the Birmingham *Post* recently apologized to its readers for having described the infamous cancan as a "delicious dance." The critic had written "delirious," which the printer had read as delicious.

Autumn Leaves—When winter comes in.

The barber's duty is twofold. He is a brusher of whiskers and a whisker of brushes.

A wit being asked by a seedy poet whether he had ever written any thing that would live, replied, "Before you trouble yourself on that score, I advise you to write something that will let you live."

A milkman in Detroit has been at the pump thirty-eight years.

"Do you enjoy good health, Zachary?" "Why, yez, to be sure; who doesn't?"

Mice harm the cheese, but girls charm the he's. The same is true of their respective eating of cheese and cheating of he's.

"I'm sorry," observed the clergyman, in a sympathizing tone: "Mrs. Burt has a heavy burden to bear." "Yes, she does—that's so," acquiesced the old farmer. "She's laid there flat on her back this seven year. Seems sometimes as ef I should get altogether worn out. I do wish she'd get well—or suthin."

Some one in speaking against suicide says, as a clincher, that it is the height of impoliteness to go any where unless you are sent for.

A Man of Low Extraction—A cheap dentist.

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again be considered a refined man?

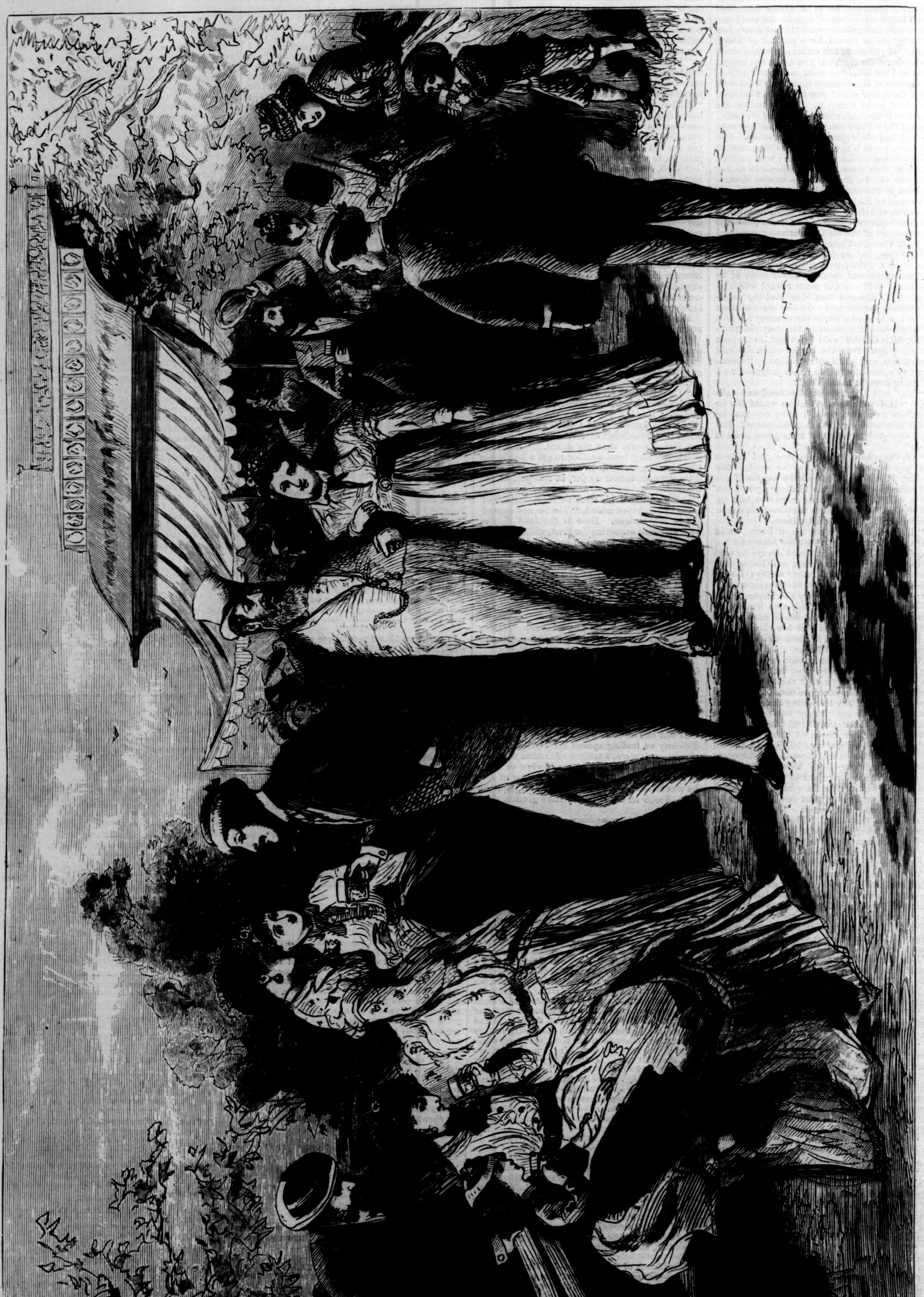
A model bill, made out by an old farmer against his neighbor, reads as follows: "Neighbor A, Dr. to B to horse and waggion, goin' to mill, once since and twice before, one dollar."

The most tasteful Hare-Dresser in the World—The cook.

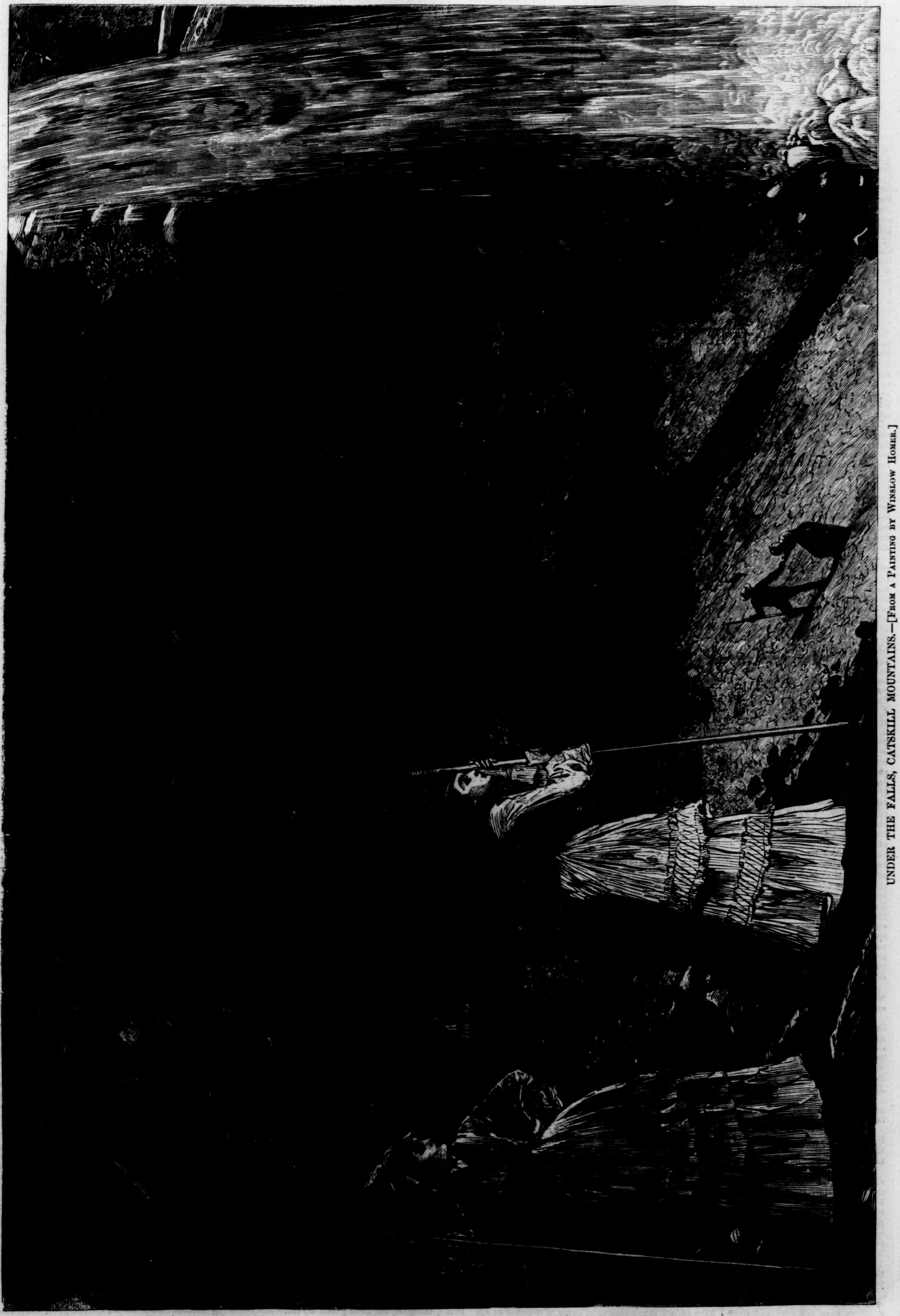
A student of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, who is near-sighted, began a handkerchief flirtation with what he thought a beautiful young lady in the street; but on coming nearer it proved to be his mother.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes?—They correspond, but never meet.

Two good-natured Irishmen on a certain occasion occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other: "Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?" "No, Pat; did it raily thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if hiven and earth would come togither." "Why the divil, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't sleep when it thunders."



SUNDAY MORNING IN CENTRAL PARK—JEWS DRINKING MINERAL WATER.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 726.]



UNDER THE FALLS, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.—[From a Painting by Winslow Homer.]

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT THE MASQUERADE.

ADAIR'S attachment to Arthur Tyndall had needed no incentive, but the words that his friend had spoken upon his sick-bed to him and to Blanche had given him good cause for gratitude. Since Mrs. Ralph Tyndall had not gainsaid them at the time, nor alluded to them afterward, he had reason for supposing that his attentions to her daughter would be no longer objected to. And indeed, so strong a term would scarcely at any time have been applied to that excellent lady's opposition to the young people's wishes. It was Jack's own modesty that had been the chief obstacle in the matter. He was really getting on in that profession of which the degrees of comparison are said to be, "Hard to get on, harder to get honor, hardest to get honest;" and had he taken courage to set forth his position and prospects to his dear one's mamma, they would probably have by no means appeared contemptible to her sagacious vision: she had thought him poorer than he was, though she had always given him credit for those riches of the heart which she so well knew how to value. But it was his nature to attribute his success to any thing rather than his own merits, and especially to the good offices of his friend; and therefore, upon the receipt of a certain spontaneous and most satisfactory epistle from Mrs. Tyndall herself, upon a subject that we can guess at, and which also contained an allusion to Arthur's words, he at once set down at least half his good fortune as a debt he owed to Arthur. If the latter had permitted him to discharge it in so extravagant a fashion, he would have sacrificed what was to him (for it was the height of term-time) most valuable time in attendance upon his friend during convalescence; but the latter would not hear of that, and so soon as he was able to leave Brignon, a spot become hateful to him from association, and remove to Brussels, whither he had been ordered by the doctors, he dismissed Adair to Law and Love.

Jack prospered in both, and after some months conveyed to Arthur the news of his approaching marriage, with the expression of an earnest hope that his friend would find himself sufficiently recovered in health and spirits to be present at it. He received a letter in reply which shocked him. There was no word in it of complaint or repining, and yet it was easy to read in it that the writer was supremely wretched. There was in particular an attempt at cheerfulness in it that to Adair, who knew his friend so well, seemed to be the language of a breaking heart. Now and then, though rarely, the bitterness that lay beneath the jest showed its sharp lines. "You will not suppose, dear Jack, that I can not come because I am more pleasantly engaged; or that I will have naught to do with marriage, or giving in marriage, because I am in heaven. It is not quite heaven, this living abroad—alone—among strange scenes, which have nevertheless no interest for me, and among strange people who seem phantoms, so little has my flesh and blood in common with them; and yet I feel it better to be here than at home. There is at least nothing to remind me of the Past—or *almost nothing*. (When we next meet—if we do meet—I will explain these last two words, for they contain an enigma.)......Next to the news of your own happiness, the tidings of dear Mrs. Somers's slow but sure recovery of her usual health and spirits delight me. How I envy her these 'low beginnings of content!'......You speak of there being some possibility of your making your marriage tour in this direction, in case I should still be at Brussels. That is only like your old kindness, and Blanche's. Of course I can not say, 'Don't come;' it will be bliss to see you; but, to tell you the honest truth, I am not quite the company for a bride and bridegroom. At all events, give me due notice of your coming, that I may put a wreath on my death's-head."

Nothing more was heard of Arthur before the wedding, except that a very magnificent present arrived for Blanche from Brussels.

"Why, it is fit for a queen!" exclaimed she, in expostulation at its splendor, but with a beaming look, nevertheless; for what woman's eyes ever gazed on her own diamonds without reflecting some portion of their effulgence?

"That is why the dear old fellow has sent them, because he knows you are my queen," said Jack, tenderly.

"At all events," said Blanche, "he must have paid a royal price for them.—Must he not, Mrs. Somers?"

The old lady happened to be calling in Eaton Square, where she was a frequent and welcome visitor, when the tiara arrived. Blanche's remark drew a most unexpected reply from her.

"Yes, indeed, my dear, he must," assented she. "And wherever the poor man found the money— But, oh dear! oh dear! I forgot. I've been and let it out, and I promised not." She wrung her hands, and began to cry quite piteously.

"Pray don't tell us any thing, my dear Mrs. Somers, that ought to be secret," observed Mrs. Tyndall, "or which it distresses you to reveal." This good lady was burning with curiosity, and therefore deserved the greater credit for her scrupulous delicacy.

"Oh, it don't distress me to *talk* about it," said Mrs. Somers, "though it pained me very much to have to do it; and since I have once let it out of the bag I can't put it back again, so you may just as well have it. We are all friends here, as the saying is, and I know it won't go no farther."

Her little audience looked adhesion to this sentiment, but none of them had any suspicion of the nature of the confidence that was about to be reposed in them.

"The fact is *this*, my dears," said Mrs. Somers (she had taken to call Jack "my dear" ever since his engagement), "Arthur Tyndall has done a very foolish thing. He was always generous in his way, poor fellow, whatever his shortcomings, and when he married it was more through my lawyer's doings than his own that he had even a life-interest secured to him on my dear Helen's property. He wanted it to be all tied up to her and hers. I think it very likely indeed (for he looked but little into business matters) that he concluded it was so; but, at all events, when my poor darling died he formally gave up what was his own, and insisted on my taking back at once whatever he had received with her on his marriage. Heaven knows, now she has gone, that *I* have no use for it, and so I told him; but he was stiff as brocade about it, and not to be moved from his intention. It was very wrong of me to tell about it, since he particularly enjoined upon me not to do so; but when I saw that beautiful present, I couldn't help saying to myself, 'Why, where on earth did he get the money to buy it?' only—like a fool—I said it aloud."

At these words of Mrs. Somers her three hearers were not only astonished but distressed: Blanche on account of the magnificence of the present that had been made to her, and which it was now made plain the giver could ill afford; but her mother and lover for another reason, which pained them even more, though both forbore to mention it. They felt it was not pride, as good, easy Mrs. Somers imagined, which had prevented Arthur's reaping any advantage from Helen's death, but the consciousness—overstrained and exaggerated though it might be—of his own deficiencies as her husband, and of the estrangement that had taken place between them; and coupling this intelligence with his late letter and with what they had seen in him at Brignon, they felt only too certain that his present unhappiness was due to this morbid reflection rather than to the mere sense of loss. This conviction made Adair secretly more resolved than ever to see and, if possible, comfort his old friend upon the first opportunity, and accordingly Brussels was decisively fixed on as one of the places to be visited on their marriage tour. The wedding took place; and a few weeks afterward Mr. and Mrs. John Adair found themselves in that town accordingly. In consequence of an alteration in the trains, they arrived at the *Hôtel du Parc*—where they had ordered rooms, and where Arthur himself was located—some hours before they were expected, and he did not happen to be within. The place being new to them, they went out for a stroll in the Park, and presently sat down on one of the seats of its broad walks. There were a good many promenaders, but one in particular attracted Adair's attention. He was a man of middle height, very thin, and, to judge by his gray beard, considerably advanced in age, yet he walked at a pace so quick that it could scarcely have been used save by a young man. Threading in and out among the throng, he almost reminded one of a skater, so rapid were his movements; and yet, as it seemed, he had no object in view but to reach the end of the gravel-walk and then come back again.

"That is some Englishman taking a constitutional," observed Jack, pointing him out to Blanche. "No wonder, judging from such specimens, that foreigners think us mad."

"Englishman, my dear husband!" gasped Blanche; "that is Arthur himself."

"Heaven forbid: it is impossible; and yet—"

"Come away, John, pray," cried Blanche, excitedly. "If he were to come nearer, he would recognize *us* easily enough; you remember what he wrote about giving him notice of our arrival; I am sure he would rather meet us in the hotel."

Jack obeyed his bride, as in duty bound; but he could not help turning back on his way again and again to watch the spectral figure, which, changed as it was, he now recognized indeed for his old friend. That misery should have made him gray even in so short a time was barely possible, but what had given him that wild and wandering look?

"What *can* be the matter with him, Blanche?"

"Sorrow and solitude, dear John, I fear," said she. "If *I* lost *you*, should not I look wan and wild?"

Jack pressed his darling's arm in acknowledgment of her pretty speech, but, in truth, he could see little parallel in the two cases. It was no use, however, to speculate upon the causes that had thus affected Arthur; what he had to think of was the best means to mitigate or remove them. In this he was more than seconded by Blanche herself.

"Remember, dearest Jack," said she, "that though I can never be so happy as with you alone, that there is nothing I would not do for Arthur; and if you think we can do him good by staying here, or by taking him with us elsewhere, his company will be always welcome to me."

As they were just then in that particularly open space called "the Plain," in front of the *Hôtel du Parc*, Jack could not express his feelings in the way that would have been most gratifying to both parties; but he squeezed her soft plump arm again, informed her (though not for the first time) that she was an angel, and accepted with gratitude the offer of her help.

"You have proposed the very plan that has occurred to myself, Blanche, but which, without your connivance, would have been useless. It is from you, far more than from me, that Arthur's cure must come, if it comes at all. It is not in man to condole with his fellow on the loss of a wife as woman can. Only, in this case, you must be very cautious. Poor Helen and Arthur did not pull quite so well together as man and wife as you and I shall do, darling (or if not, it will be my fault, not yours). And you remember what the dear fellow said to us at Brignon?"

"Yes, yes," said Blanche; "I think I understand. Suppose I was to suggest, for instance, that though an excellent husband in your way, you yourself have your eccentricities—are cold at times, and a little difficult to please; and that, in short, we are not without our quarrels. Then, if he shows surprise (as he well may), I will go on to hint that I am no worse off than other wives, nay, better (and that is surely true, John); that marriage is always more or less of a compromise—"

"I *must* kiss you, my darling, I really must!" exclaimed Jack, in a transport. "I knew I had married a sensible girl, but you have the wits of all your sex combined! You are a perfect Macchiavelli; and all the time as innocent as a ring-dove! Yes, that's exactly what you must make *him* feel—that he made no worse a husband than other men—and, upon my life, I don't believe he did; it was only that he and Helen were singularly unsuited to one another: if he had married Jenny—"

"Jenny? What! Arthur marry old Jacob Renn's daughter?"

"No, no; I don't mean that—of course not." ("She's a darling, and I still say has all the wits of her sex," muttered Jack to himself, "but she has also one of their weaknesses.") "I mean, if he had married any girl who understood him, they would have got on together capitally. While speaking of poor Helen with all the praise and kindness her memory deserves, try to make him feel *that* also; that is the medicine, if I am not mistaken, for his morbid thoughts. And now—for he will be here in a few minutes—not a word of our having seen him in the Park; and do not seem shocked or astonished at his changed appearance; and, please Heaven, we shall bring him right yet."

It was difficult, notwithstanding that they *had* seen him already, to express no surprise when they met Arthur: his haggard air, his nervous manner, his joyless tones, were so marked and conspicuous, directly the first emotion of pleasure which this meeting with his old friends evoked had subsided: but Blanche played her part to perfection; and after a time Arthur grew more at his ease: it was clear he had expected some remark to be expressed upon his changed appearance, and was relieved at its not having been made. He asked cordially after Mrs. Tyndall, and also after Uncle Magus, who was far from well (they did not tell him that the shock of Helen's death had been the chief cause of prostrating the old man); but his most anxious inquiries were after Mrs. Somers. He seemed surprised, though well pleased, to hear that she had regained so much of her old health and spirits; and this offered an opportunity for the two conspirators to speak a word in season: how the loss of even those that should be dearest to us can never be intended to cloud our whole lives long, and if a Rachel weeping for her only child could be thus comforted, and submit herself to Fate's decree, so should a husband also.

These sentiments and reflections, of course, were not intruded, nor fitted with pointed personal application, but Arthur evidently understood their drift. He did not attempt to combat them, but listened in silence, with a sort of affectionate sadness that showed he was grateful for the kindness that prompted them. Not until Blanche had retired to her room, and Jack produced the pipes and tobacco—for his bride was far too wise a woman to deprive her husband of that solace; her mission, she justly thought, was to increase his joys, and not diminish them—did Arthur let fall a word about his own condition. It was in answer to a question from Adair, "When are you coming back to us in England, old fellow?" that he looked up into his friend's face, and slowly said, "All places are alike to me, Jack, now."

"But not all people," rejoined the other; "the warmness of your welcome to us to-day would alone disprove *that*."

"Of course I am glad to see you and Blanche, Jack. Yes. I feel to-day for the first time since—since Helen's death that I am still united by a strand or two to the rest of my fellow-creatures; I had thought they had all parted, and that I was quite alone—quite alone!"

"You are doing yourself great harm, Arthur, leading this solitary life: at your age, you have no right thus to throw yourself away. I thought, when I left you here six months ago, that you had begun to look life in the face, and to pluck up spirits."

"So I had, so I did, Jack," answered Arthur, in desponding tones. "I was getting better, wasn't I?"

"Of course you were; and why did not the improvement continue? That your sense of loss should have been keen was only to have been expected by those who knew you; your best friends would not have wished it otherwise; but the dead should not haunt the living forever."

"They *do* haunt them—they *do*, Jack," answered Arthur, in low, grave tones. His white face seemed to grow paler, his form more gaunt and thin, and each particular hair in his gray beard to stand out from the flesh as he added, "I am a Haunted man."

Adair was more than shocked; his heart sank within him at the sudden thought, "This man is mad." But he did not move a muscle, nor suffer his voice to lose its ordinarily cheerful tone, as he replied, "Well, we are all more or less haunted men, Arthur; and the more we shut ourselves out from those who were intended to be our fellow-creatures, and live in our own thoughts, the more ghosts we see."

"You are speaking of mere fancies, Jack. When I was shipwrecked and half starved I had fancies; though I was broad awake, I saw scenes with the inward eye—ay, and people too—quite as vividly as that in which I really was; but I knew that it was fancy, nevertheless."

"And what is it you see now, old fellow?"

"Nothing *now*, thank Heaven; but what I have seen I may see again to-night, to-morrow; and the fear of it, the terror of it, Jack, has made me what you see. Listen. It was about four months after you left me, and one before you wrote me word of your approaching marriage—and, as you say, I was getting stronger and more cheerful; so far from courting solitude, as I do now, I felt inclined to mix with society, and when I did so found myself the better for it. I had no friends here—scarcely an acquaintance, indeed—so that such gatherings as I frequented were necessarily public ones. Many persons would perhaps have thought it somewhat soon after such a loss as I had suffered to be going about to concerts and theatres, for I have always taken my own way (as you know) in social matters without much thought of Mrs. Grundy, and I did so then. When a masked ball in honor of Prince Henry's birthday was announced at the theatre I even attended that, not for the dancing's sake, for I did not mean to dance, but because some acquaintances I had made at the hotel happened to be going thither, and persuaded me to accompany them."

"One moment," observed Jack, interrupting him. "I don't wish to anticipate you, though I think I know what is coming. But were you conscious in going to this ball that you were doing any thing wrong?—I mean any thing that jarred ever so little upon your sense of what was right and fitting in connection with your recent loss?"

"I was not. I had been dining temperately with my friends, and went with them, just as I should have done to an ordinary concert or promenade; not with much expectation of being amused, yet not quite indifferently. I sat in one of the stage-boxes, on a level with the maskers, and observing them; when suddenly my attention was riveted upon one with a black domino—Jack, I am telling you the truth, and no lie—whose gaze seemed to pierce me through and through."

"It was a woman, of course," said Jack, dryly.

"It was a woman, but not of flesh and blood. I should have known those eyes among a thousand, even if they had not been bent on me (as they were) with such a fierce yet reproachful look as makes me shudder when I think of it. Jack, those were Helen's eyes!"

"You think so," said Adair, quietly. "And yet, are you aware that there is a game played among children—called, I think, Russian Buff—in which the faces of the players are hidden, and only the eyes revealed, wherein the difficulty of recognition, even with those best known to one another, is found to be fully equal to that felt in the English game of Blind Man, where the eyes of the would-be recognizer are bandaged, and he has only the sense of touch to help him?"

"I know that, and yet I recognized those eyes. Nay, what is more, and worse, she moved her mask aside for an instant and showed me Helen's face: pale, angry, cold, as I had often seen it, and (Heaven help me!) helped to make it. Then, when I sprang up in horror, though without a word, for terror had paralyzed my tongue, she glided among the dancers and disappeared." Here he stopped, overcome by deep emotion, and it was some moments ere he could resume his narration. "Ever since that day I have lived in solitude, or if, by chance, I mix with crowds I move through them at speed, and gaze neither to left nor right lest I should see that sight again. The remembrance of it is hateful to me; the thought of it, ever present as it is, weighs on my spirits, and is eating away my life."

"So much is clear," said Jack, with gravity. "The effect, unhappily, can be seen by every body; but the cause, as I conclude—this spectral vision, if you will have it so—no other person saw except yourself."

"Oh yes: two other men were in the box with me, and as I sprang up, followed the direction of my eyes, and saw it. To them, of course, it only seemed a woman masked."

"May I explain it?" said Jack, smiling.

"Explain it! I would give all that I possessed, friend, if you or any other man could but do so," sighed Arthur, despairingly.

"Let me try, at all events," said Adair, cheerfully. "You were not conscious of any wrong-doing, you say, in going to this masked ball; but, nevertheless, it was the first scene of the kind which you had visited since your great loss: there must, therefore, have been some underlying sense at least of incongruity in such a proceeding; the idea, 'How soon!' must have crossed you, if only for an instant. Did it not?"

"I have no recollection of it doing so," answered Arthur, with a faint smile of incredulity.

"Still, it may have done so; and when you suddenly found yourself gazing with some interest at a pair of fine blue eyes, your conscience smote you, though you knew it not, by causing your thoughts to instantly revert to Helen. Your face at the same time betrayed your thoughts; and the young woman in the black domino, taking it as a bad compliment, no doubt, that you looked so weird and startled at her, when she would have had you smile, flashed rage and scorn at you. Moreover, to show you what a prize you had missed by your ill temper, she slipped her mask aside and let you see her face. She would be as much astonished, doubtless as you were yourself, to know she frightened you."

"But I *saw* her face, Jack; and though it was but for an instant, the recognition could not have been more complete had I gazed at it for hours."

"It was not mutual, I suppose, however?" said Jack, laughing.

"It *was*, so help me Heaven!" said Arthur, solemnly. "If wonder, or caprice, or any other easily aroused feeling, had been the expression of the features, I should have doubted, no matter how like had been the face itself to that of Helen; but in place of those there was a certain awful significance which compelled belief—a dread reproach and menace! Oh, Jack," cried the unhappy man, with a shudder, and putting his hand up as though to shut out the vision he described, "I can not bear to speak of it! Your supposition, however cogent to yourself, must needs weigh light as air to me who have seen with my own eyes. I beseech you let us talk of something else."

And the subject was dropped accordingly.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR MEETING.

Again and again, on subsequent occasions, did Adair endeavor to lead the conversation toward this same topic, in hopes to shake the morbid conviction of his friend; but Arthur so obviously declined the argument as something not only distasteful but distressing, that he was obliged to abandon his good intent. Adair spent not only the rest of his honey-moon, but several weeks beyond it, at Brussels, and only left it when compelled by urgent business. It was plain that the presence of himself or Blanche was not only grateful but beneficial to Arthur, and they not only used their utmost efforts to win him from his melancholy, but did their best to carry him off with them to England. From Brussels, however, he declined to move, and there they left him, not without some grave misgivings not only for his health, but for his reason. Blanche had indeed no hope of ever seeing her cousin himself again; and though Jack thought he knew of a remedy for his old friend, it could not be applied. Months and months passed away, and only by an occasional letter, uncomplaining as usual, yet eloquent of gloom and wretchedness in its tone, did Arthur give sign of his existence. Yet he was not forgotten by faithful Jack; and when talking of their going out of town at Easter, "What do you think, Blanche," said he, "of running down to Swansdale for a week or two? If we propose to do so, it is just possible that Arthur might be induced to join us there."

"Swansdale will be charming," replied Blanche, delightedly—"that is, if we do but have bright weather; and though, in my own opinion, his old home is the last place likely to prove attractive to one to whom the past is so painful, ask Arthur, by all means."

As Blanche had predicted, Arthur declined this invitation very positively; and though, in the same note in which he did so, he pressed them to use his house as their own home, the idea was not agreeable to them. Without its host, and with its recent unhappy associations, Swansdale Hall was not quite the place adapted for a holiday residence, so they took rooms at the *Welcome Inn.*

That spring chanced to set in as spring in England often does, with a foretaste of summer, afterward to be compensated for, alas! by a relapse into winter. Tree and herb wore their brightest green; such flowers as there were gave forth their freshest fragrance; and the river danced in the sunlight as though there were no bleak winds and leaden skies in store to ruffle and vex it. Jack and Blanche were on the water from bright morn to chilly eve; they fished, they rowed (and a very "pretty oar" Blanche looked, and *was*, let me tell you), and they sketched. They took their honey-moon all over again, in short, and enjoyed it quite as much as the first. Then suddenly, as though to remind them that they were mortals to whom happiness without cloud is forbidden, a messenger from the Hall arrived with evil news. Uncle Magus, with whom they had dined but the day before (he had not been well enough throughout the winter to leave his own roof), had been taken suddenly very ill. On arriving at the cottage they found these tidings only too well confirmed. He had had a paralytic stroke, which, although he was already recovering from its immediate effects, the doctor told them would be fatal. If he had not possessed a constitution of iron, grief for his son's fate would long ago have killed him. It had survived that, and the many years of solitude and bitter thoughts which had followed it; it had survived, too, his favorite Helen's death, but the shock had weakened the old man, and left him with little strength to bear any attack of disease. Yet even now his will was as indomitable as ever. His chief solicitude seemed to be as to whether the effects of the paralysis would be confined to the left side where it had taken place, and would therefore leave his right arm free to pursue the task in which he had been of late engaged. The approach of death, of which he was quite cognizant, filled him with no alarm; his only apprehension was that there would be no time to finish that great legacy to posterity—his manuscript on the Duello. He would have sat up in bed to consult authorities and jot down notes even now, and could only be restrained from doing so by the argument that his object would be defeated by the very means he would have taken to effect it.

"He can not live ten days in any case," was the doctor's verdict: whereupon Adair drove round to the railway station on his way back to the inn that night, and telegraphed for Arthur.

"If *that* be finished," Uncle Magus had said, referring to his *magnum opus*, "and if I could but see Arthur before I die, there will be nothing else to wait for." The last part of that speech was read in Brussels next morning word for word; and, as Adair had expected, it brought Arthur to Swansdale Hall within two days, or as fast as steam could bring him. He took up his quarters at the Hall alone, though Jack pressed his coming to the *Welcome*, but tended his relative day and night assiduously.

"I did not know you at first," said the old man, with tender frankness, "but I know you now; there is no hand so kind, no voice so dear to me as yours, Arty, nor ever has been since I lost my own poor boy."

Arthur was indeed but the shadow of his former self—perceptibly thinner and more aged even than when last seen at Brussels; but his bodily health seemed good, and his plans for the future had, it seemed, at last taken some shape.

"I am going," said he to Adair, "whither I ought to have gone two years ago, and would to Heaven I had! So soon as Uncle Magus has bidden us farewell, I leave England forever."

"But for what place?"

"That is no matter, so long as it is somewhere far removed from home and all its cruel associations—South America, perhaps. I shall take the first ship from Liverpool that promises the farthest voyage."

"You have had, I trust, no recurrence of that painful fancy?" inquired Jack, softly, and after a long silence.

"I have not," said Arthur, "if, at least (as I suppose), you mean by 'fancy' a sight as real and infinitely more terrible than this death-bed to which you have summoned me. No, Jack, no; I have seen Helen's face no more."

"Nor ever will see it, dear friend," urged Jack, "unless in heaven."

But Arthur returned no answer; it was plain that his hallucination on that point was as confirmed as ever.

Though Uncle Magus had rallied for a day or two, he was now clearly dying; but still he would insist on being taken out of bed, and clothed so far as it was possible, in order that he might sit in his old arm-chair, with his desk and manuscript before him. He spoke seldom, but always to the purpose to the last. "Let my poor boy be buried with me," he had said, pointing to the embalmed body of his son, which had been the companion of his solitude for more than a quarter of a century; "and all I have to leave is yours, Arty"—"Arty" had been his pet name for Arthur as a boy, now unconsciously resumed after those many years—"the title-deeds, you know," he added, with great gravity, "are yours by right."

If he had ever really given up the idea that these were of great value, which is doubtful, it revived in him now. All his old associations did so, to judge by the snatches of speech which he uttered when his eyes were closed and he thought himself alone. Once he burst out with, "By George! I've missed him!" in accents of intense disappointment; and once he cried, "Starved, starved, starved!" in a tone that chilled his hearers' hearts.

A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn, though he was, and one to whom the world he was about to enter could scarcely be more strange than that which he was leaving, he had his sympathies and affections. His views about "ancestry" and "blood," indeed, may have been as worthless as those proclaimed by the merest parvenu in a club, or any female tuft-hunter who manœuvres for a lord at her Baker Street dinner-table; but there was this difference—his were genuine; he believed in them as he did in his own existence; and what there ever had been of courage and chivalry inherent in those accidents which he deemed virtues he possessed. In bed he refused to stay even at the very last, and died, as it were, in harness, feebly holding the feeble pen with which he would have defended an old-world and died-out custom.

"Arrived at the Releager (or appointed place)," were the last words he wrote ere he himself was removed to *his* Releager. The dying warrior that bade his sons put on his armor, and set him on his war-horse, that he might die as he had lived, was a type of him; but stern and ungenial as he was, Uncle Magus left those behind him who loved him and mourned his loss. He was laid, with his long-dead son beside him, close to Helen's grave, in accordance with his own express desire.

It was the first occasion on which Arthur Tyndall had appeared in public since his return, and the appearance of the widower was such that not a few of the spectators shook their heads and remarked beneath their breath that it would not be long before the squire followed his young wife to Swansdale church-yard.

He was to remain but one day more, in order to settle the dead man's affairs at the home that was now made more desolate than before, and then to depart from it, in all psobability forever. On that day he had been persuaded, though with difficulty, to dine with the Adairs at the *Welcome*, and Jack himself, lest some excuse should be sent by him at the last, walked over to the Hall to fetch him. Their path lay by the riverside, past the lock itself, and through a hundred scenes which were redolent of Arthur's palmy days of youth and love; but he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground in silence, as a mourner follows a bier. Jack attempted no word of comfort or consolation, but when that dreary walk was done and the well-remembered inn was reached, said, "We have the Blue Parlor, Arthur. Will you wait in there a moment while I speak a word with Blanche in her room?"

Jack entered the chamber, and closing the door behind him, found his wife awaiting him with a white and anxious face.

"I have done it," whispered she, in great agitation. "She is there alone."

"And I have sent him in," answered her husband, gravely. Then the two stood and listened with straining ears for some sound from the Blue Parlor, which was almost contiguous to where they were. There broke from it one low, passionate cry, which was succeeded by blank silence. Was that she or he? Was it the wail of measureless woe, or the cry of hushed delight? Minutes passed by that seemed hours.

"Oh, Jack, what can have happened? Heaven knows I did it for the best. But what if the sudden shock has been too much for him!"

"Hush, hush! I hear a woman's sob: that is a good sign. Women always cry when they are very happy."

Without attempting to combat this cynical observation—though, indeed, he who made it had neither the look nor the tone of a cynic—"Come with me, Jack," cried Blanche, impetuously. Her curiosity was overwhelming, but she could not yet restrain her fears. They went out together into the passage. It was she who knocked at the Blue Parlor door, but when there was no answer, it was Jack who opened it. Arthur was sitting on the sofa by the side of Jenny Wren, and with his arm around her waist; he was gray and thin, of course, as before, yet so bright was his smile that he looked already as though he had won back ten years of his lost youth. Jenny was neither gray nor thin, and looked charming; her face, of late grown very pale and thoughtful, wore a little flush upon it that made it simply perfection; even when these intruders entered, her glorious eyes, made soft with tears, turned not toward them, but remained fixed on Arthur.

"Jack," exclaimed he, rising with outstretched hands, "this is your doing, I know. God bless you for it!"

"Nay, my dear friend; it was a joint stratagem of mine and Blanche's. Indeed, she was the chief conspirator; so, if you have a kiss to spare, kiss her; she's waiting for it."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A well-known ornithologist, Dr. Thomas C. Jerdon, formerly of the East India service, and stationed for many years in India, has just fallen in the ranks. He was born in 1811, and died on the 12th of June last, at the age of about sixty-one. Commencing his work in 1835 at Madras, he published in 1844 his "Illustrations of Indian Ornithology." His best work, however, was one on the birds of India, referring more especially to the species of the coast and of the hot region. This appeared in 1862, and has ever since been a useful manual of reference for the Indian ornithologist. He also published a work on the mammals of India, and contemplated producing similar text-books on the reptiles and fishes.

Mr. Parnaby, of the Keswick Fish-breeding Establishment, in England, whose visit to America, for the purpose of obtaining the fry of the black bass, we have already recorded, succeeded in carrying his fish with but little loss across the Atlantic, but they began to die as soon as he reached Liverpool. About sixty, however, survived, and appeared to be in good health and condition, feeding freely. It is not improbable that Mr. Parnaby will return immediately to America, in order to secure an additional supply.

Intelligent Americans always feel a lively interest in whatever concerns the progress of literature and science in the mother country, and the local histories and circumstances of the various scientific establishments, both public and private, of Great Britain, are usually well known in the New World. Indeed, we may be said to share the pride of Englishmen in the possession of such great national establishments as the British Museum, Kew Gardens, etc. This last-mentioned establishment was brought to a high degree of excellence by Sir William Hooker, and its charge devolved, by his death, upon his son, Dr. J. D. Hooker, who has, if possible, increased its reputation; and the many Americans, as well as those of other nationalities, who have had occasion to consult its unrivaled botanical treasures have been unanimous in their acknowledgments of the courtesies and attentions of the director. All such will regret to learn that relations the reverse of agreeable now exist between Dr. Hooker and his official superior, Mr. Ayrton, the First Commissioner of Public Works. It now appears that for the past eight months Dr. Hooker has been subjected to the most irritating interference on the part of the First Commissioner, who has superseded his authority in the appointment of gardeners, taken an important section of the gardens from his control, suggested important alterations in the laying out of the gardens without his sanction, and treated him generally with the most scant courtesy. Matters at length reached such a pitch that a memorial has been addressed to Mr. Gladstone, as First Lord of the Treasury, signed by Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Darwin, Sir James Paget, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, Mr. William Spottiswoode, Sir Henry Holland (president of the Royal Institution), Mr. Bentham (president of the Linnæan Society), Sir Henry Rawlinson (president of the Geographical Society), Dr. Burrowes (president of the College of Physicians), and Mr. Bush (president of the College of Surgeons), concerning "the treatment which the eminent director of the botanical establishment at Kew has systematically received at the hands of Mr. Ayrton since his appointment to the office of First Commissioner of Works." The memorialists respectfully invite the Prime Minister to decide "whether Kew Gardens are or are not to lose the supervision of a man of whose scientific labors any nation might be proud, and whose natural capacity for the post he occupies has been developed by a culture unexampled in variety and extent—a man honored for his integrity, beloved for his courtesy and kindliness of heart, and who has spent in the public service not only an illustrious, but a stainless life." The resignation of Dr. Hooker would, in fact, be a calamity to English science, which Mr. Gladstone is solicited to avert.

The memorial (printed at length in *Nature* for July 11) enters in detail into the history of the establishment at Kew since it has been thrown open to the public, and of Dr. Hooker's connection with it. Few men have labored more zealously in the pursuit of science for its own sake, have conferred upon it greater lustre, or have spent more time or private fortune for the benefit of a public institution with the conduct of which they have been intrusted. The document affords a melancholy instance of the slight esteem in which governments hold the services of men who devote their lives disinterestedly to the cause of science. What effect the remonstrance of the most eminent scientific men of the country will have on the English government remains to be seen.

The death, on the 7th of July, at Medford, Massachusetts, of Rev. Charles Brooks, at the age of seventy-seven, is announced in the daily papers; and although well known as a theologian, and as having contributed largely to the advancement of education in Massachusetts, our readers may not be aware of his claims to rank among naturalists. Publications by him on the subject of ornithology are on record, and he did much toward facilitating the progress of the scientific survey of Massachusetts a number of years ago.

The first number of a new monthly magazine, entitled *Grevillea*, devoted exclusively to the subject of cryptogamic botany, has just been issued, under the editorship of Mr. M. C. Cooke. It is intended to serve as a medium of communication between cryptogamists, and as a record of the discoveries of new species, and it will doubtless supply a desideratum.

Recent letters from Dr. Anton Dohrn speak of the continued progress and success of the great zoological station at Naples, and of the generous assistance afforded to it by the Italian government. Mr. W. A. Lloyd, the superintendent of the aquarium at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, has been instructed by the directors to proceed to Naples to offer what assistance he can to Dr. Dohrn.

The division of Professor Hayden's expedition under the charge of Mr. Stevenson arrived at Fort Hall on the 3d of July, and expected to leave for its further journey up the Snake River in the course of a few days. The success of the party up to that date had been very satisfactory, large collections of fossils, minerals, and other specimens having been gathered, and some particular points ascertained in reference to the geology of the region. Professor Bradley, the geologist, among other discoveries has substantiated the existence of the Quebec group between Malade City and Port Neuf Cañon. Among the fossils collected were twelve or fifteen species of trilobites, some of them new to science. Full details of these important discoveries will be presented in Dr. Hayden's report of the expedition.

The officers of the Nicaragua ship-canal exploring expedition returned to New York on the 25th of July last, having completed their labors for the present season. As we have already informed our readers, this expedition was fitted out by the Navy Department, in pursuance of an act of Congress, for the purpose of determining which of several routes suggested was most favorable for the construction of a ship-canal across Nicaragua from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or else to find a new and better one; and in this they have been occupied since April last. The Sapoa route was found to be inadvisable in consequence of the great elevation, and the Child route was considered to be the best, as the greatest altitude was only about forty-five feet. Explorations were being carried on along several lines, when the heavy summer rains set in aud prevented any further labor.

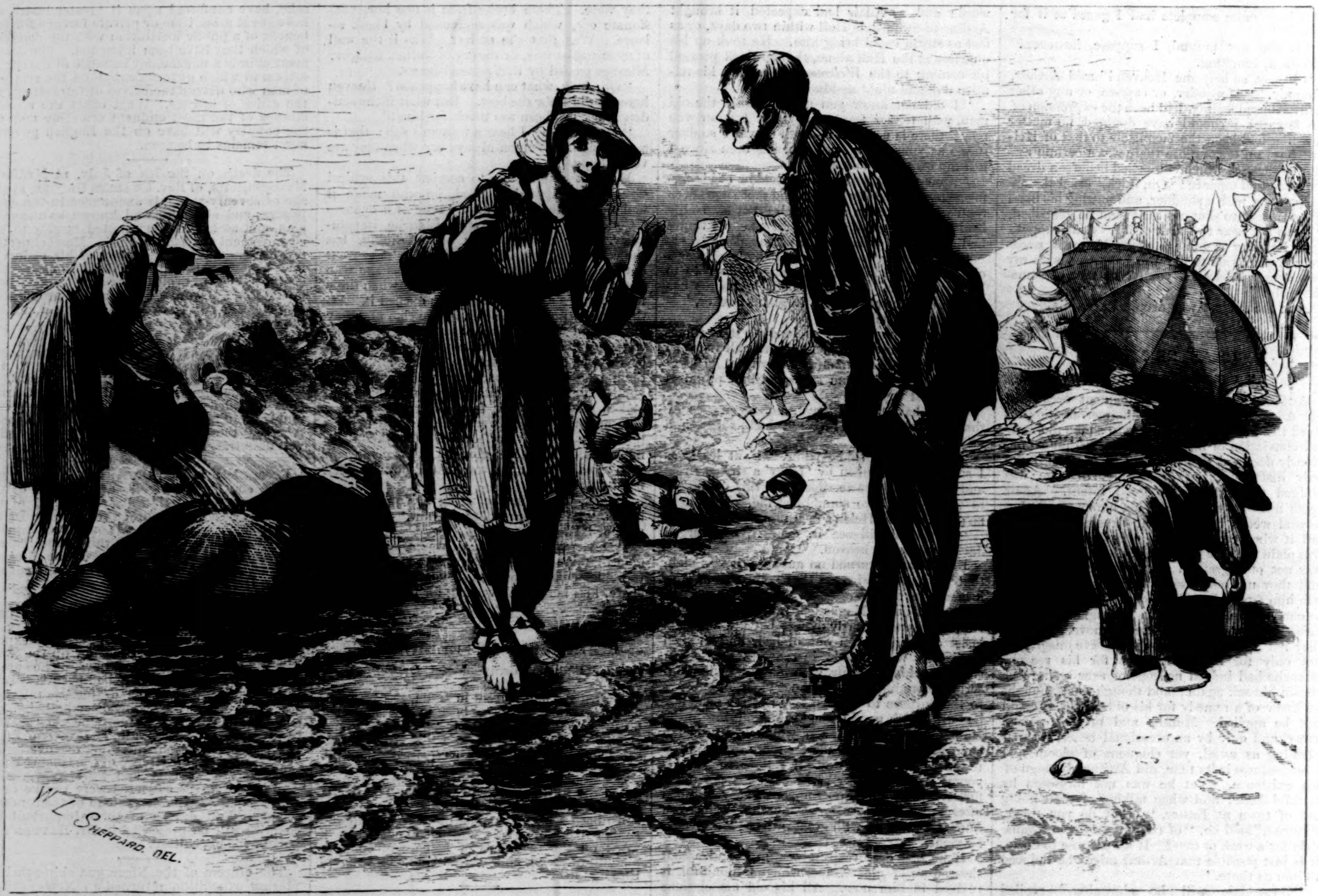
Dr. Augustus Krantz, of Berlin, the well-known dealer in specimens of geology and mineralogy, died on the 6th of April last, in the sixty-second year of his age. This gentleman was well known throughout Europe and America for the immense collections kept for sale by him, and many colleges and other cabinets in the United States contain series purchased from him, furnished at very reasonable prices.

As formerly announced, the annual meeting of the American Philological Society took place in Providence on the 23d of July, and was attended by a very large number of members, embracing some of the most eminent scholars of the country. The papers read were by Messrs. Charles A. Bristed, W. W. Fowler, J. Hammond Trumbull, Professor Evans, and others; and with the discussions, when printed, as they will be in due course of time, will doubtless form an important contribution to philological science.

Very perfect photographs of the moon have been lately obtained at the Melbourne Observatory, the original negatives being three inches in diameter, and capable of enlargement to any desired dimensions.

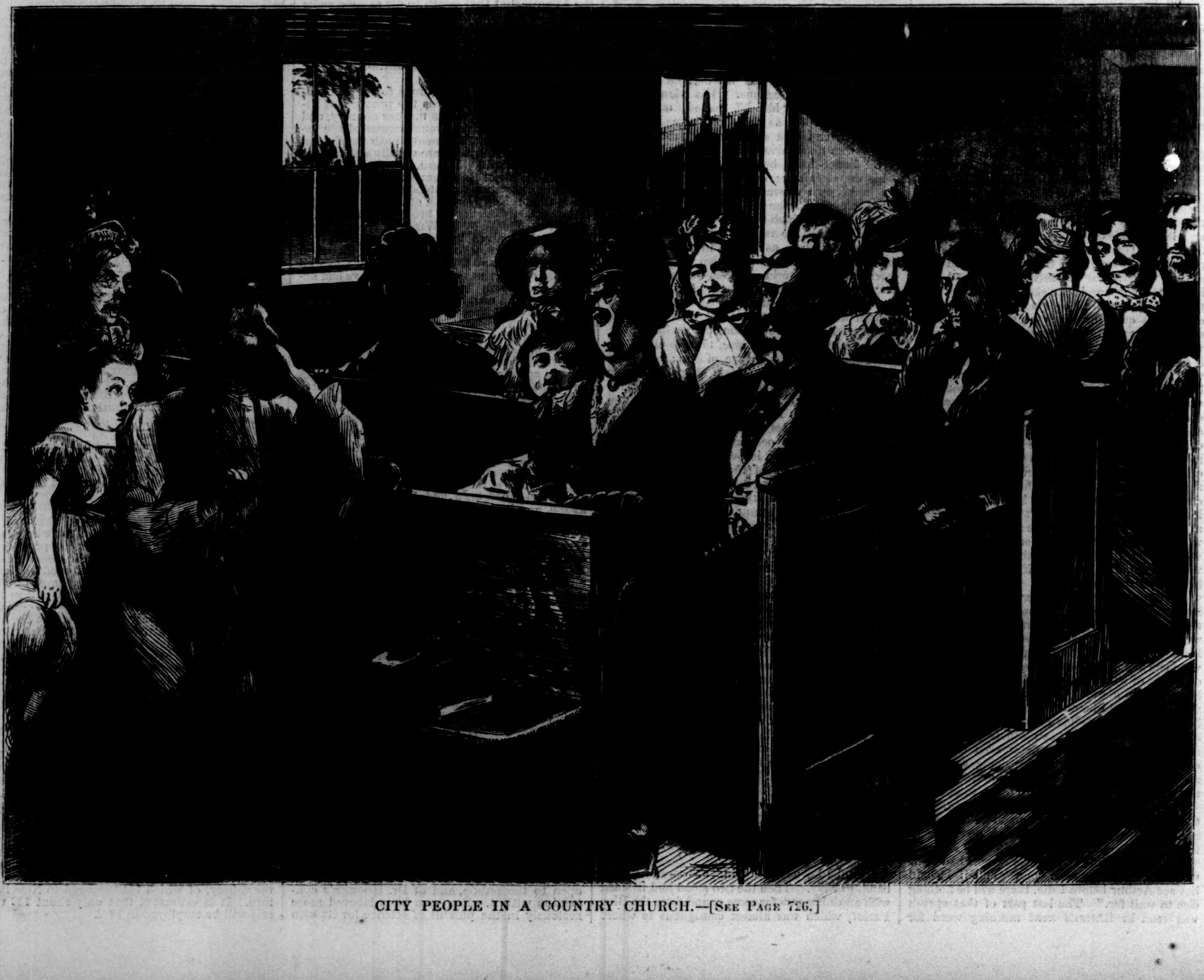
According to the New Bedford *Standard*, as quoted in the *American Chemist*, the whale fishery for 1871 was not by any means profitable. The prices for oil were reduced in consequence of the competition of the cotton-seed oil, lard-oil, petroleum, etc., while the expenses of constructing and fitting out vessels, as well as the wages of seamen, have considerably increased. Furthermore, the disaster of last fall to the arctic fleet, which destroyed all but seven out of forty vessels fishing there, has been a serious drawback to success, especially in view of the fact that the remaining seven were obliged to leave in the busiest season to carry the ship-wrecked crews to Honolulu. Thus there were brought in only 3070 barrels of oil and 27,981 pounds of whalebone, against 57,285 barrels of oil and 756,550 pounds of whalebone obtained by the fleet in the previous year.

The decline in this business is shown by the fact that while in 1852 the arctic fleet consisted of 278 vessels, in 1871 there were but 40 vessels, seven of which only, as already stated, escaped destruction. The whaling fleet of Hudson Bay and Cumberland Inlet consisted of nine vessels, while there were scattering vessels in other parts of the ocean. The total catch of the year was about 41,000 barrels of sperm-oil, 76,000 of whale-oil, and 594,811 pounds of whalebone. In all there were 223 vessels engaged in the fishery, of which 144 belonged to New Bedford. It is estimated that only about 132 vessels will be employed in 1872.


W L SHEPPARD. DEL.

ON THE BEACH—A RECOGNITION.

BOTH PARTIES IN UNISON. "Why, is that you?"



CITY PEOPLE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

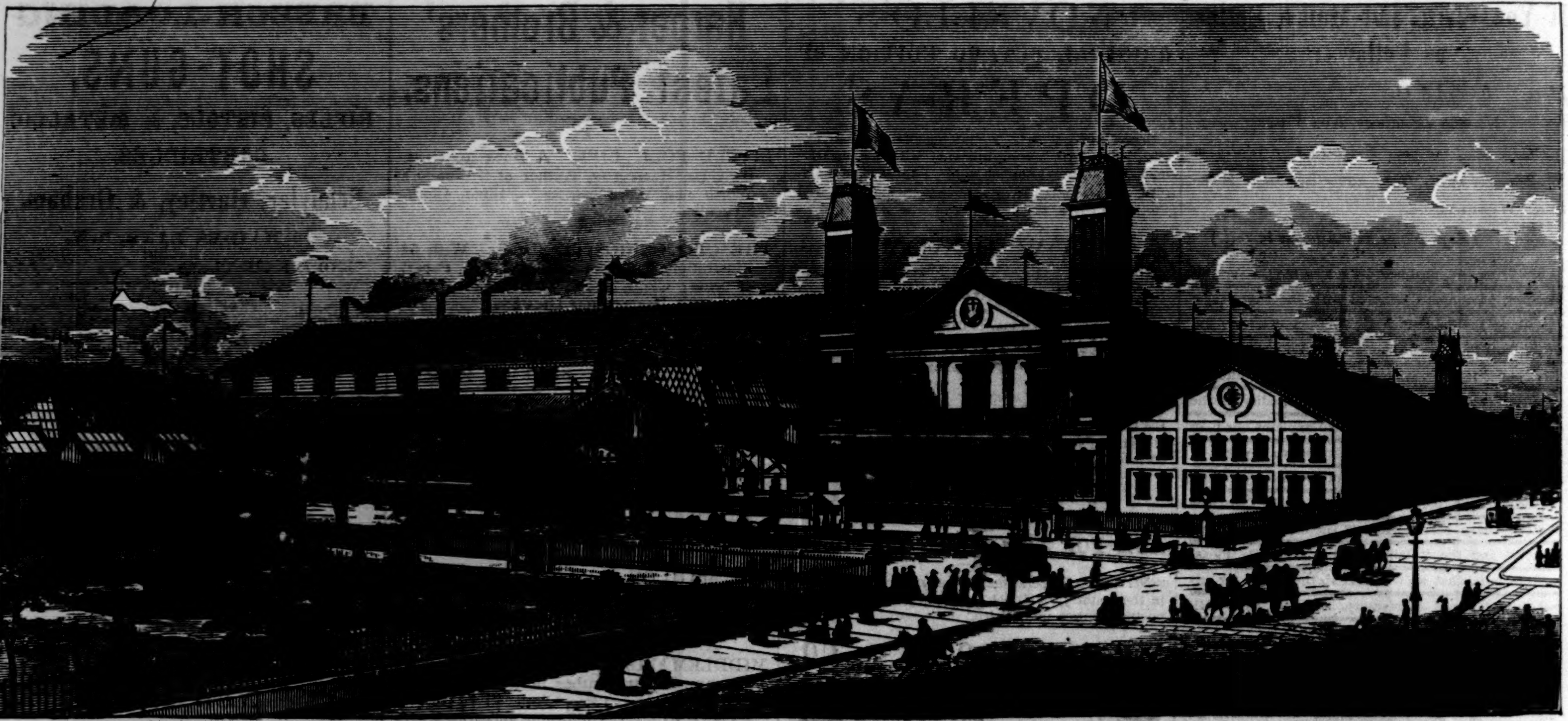
"THE POISON TEST."

One of the most remarkable paintings recently on exhibition at the British Royal Academy is "The Poison Test," by Mr. Charles Green, of which we give an engraving on this page. The subject selected is extremely dramatic, and has been treated with singular force and ingenuity. The time is the old Napoleonic campaign of 1806, when the soldiers of the "Man of Fate" were overrunning Prussia in much the same manner as the Germans returned the compliment in 1870—the place a German village, where a French detachment have halted, and are forcing one of the notabilities of the village to drink a mug of water drawn from the well, in order to test whether or no the liquid has been poisoned. This will doubtless remind our readers of the measures adopted by the Prussians in the late war, when, knowing the fondness of the Franc-tireurs for tearing up the rails, they obliged a wealthy and influential Gaul to ride on the engine of every train conveying troops on French territory. The terrified expression on the face of the unfortunate hostage as he glances at the cocked pistol, and the stern face of his captor, are inimitable, and the careful attention paid to detail in this picture deserves the highest praise.

"THE POISON TEST."

THE IMPERIAL CONCLAVE.

The approaching meeting of the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia still engrosses, and not without reason, the speculation of the Continent. That its objects are peaceful may probably be taken for granted, in so far, at least, that no disturbance of the map of Europe is even distantly contemplated. France, as a military power, must, for the present, be put out of consideration, and neither Austria nor Russia can have any interest in seeing her still further weakened, or even guaranteeing her conqueror against the possible outbreak of a war of revenge. The Eastern question has for some time been working out its own solution in the gradual advance toward independence of the Christian races, an advance which, as it is realized effectually, dissipates all inclination to a change of masters; and in the revival of the old good understanding through the mediation of the German emperor, Russia, equally with Austria, will find her account. It would rather seem, if we fall back on the memories of Gastein, that the conference has other aims, and that, in some sense, history is repeating itself in the revival of the Holy Alliance. True, the potentates of the triple league were despotic forty years ago—they are consti-



THE CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

We present our readers with a sketch of the buildings erected for the great Exposition at Cincinnati, which is held from September 4 to October 5 of the present year. This enterprise is only now in its third year, but has developed so rapidly as to exceed in extent and importance any heretofore given in this country. It is under the management of a Board of Commissioners, annually appointed by the three leading commercial and manufacturing bodies of the city, and the expenses of the enterprise are guaranteed by the citizens. The railway system of Cincinnati, its central location, and the immense variety and extent of her manufactures, form a solid basis for the success of an enterprise of this character. The arrangements for reduced fares cover over fifteen thousand miles of railway, reaching on the West to Omaha, on the East to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Richmond, and including nearly every prominent railway in the South and West. The large building to the left of the picture is the Art Hall, isolated from the main building for additional security. Here is placed a selection of paintings especially rich in the modern German and French schools, and works of the best American artists. The collection of engravings is superior, as a whole, to the famous Leeds Exhibition.

In the Floral Department the liberal premium-list has attracted the largest collection of fruits and rare plants ever exhibited in this country, prominent among the latter being that rarity, a century plant in bloom.

Over an acre of machinery is shown in motion, and the exhibiting space is nearly eight acres.

tutional now. But the liberals of the past are, in like manner, represented by the republicans of the present, and the two camps, although changed in position and in strength, still preserve the same relative distance from one another. Prince Bismarck is far from holding the republican party as despicable foes, and is quite aware that Germany contains the seeds of a far more serious republicanism than France. The German government, liberal enough in minor matters, would fight to the death for many points which even the mildest republican would include in his programme—for the power, for instance, to make the citizen a trained soldier instead of a militiaman—a distinction of considerable importance to the industrial masses—or for the divine right of the royal house. And, from this point of view, it may well be that France will not be forgotten at the conference. Military France is no longer formidable. Republican France is so still. And Frenchmen may see in the meeting of the emperors another warning not to exceed the very moderate republicanism of M. Thiers until, at least, the last of the spiked helmets has disappeared throughout the Gap of Belfort.

SUNDAY MORNING IN CENTRAL PARK.

Neither our poor nor wealthy citizens fully avail themselves of the resources for pleasure afforded by our Central Park. One of the principal attractions there is the Mineral Spa, and this institution has become fortunately very fashionable of late. Hundreds of persons of the better class visit the Spa every morning. Sunday is the favored day with many of these early risers; and at five o'clock A.M. the vicinity of the springs is crowded. A very large proportion of these visitors are Jews. They make a happy group, of both sexes and of all ages—such a one as Mr. Sol Eytinge's illustration on page 720 characteristically portrays. Business and politics are dismissed for a season, and an agreeable hour is passed in a social manner. One readily sees in this spectacle an illustration of the fact that the Jews are lovers of every innocent amusement, that they eagerly seek opportunities for recreation and social enjoyment, and that they appreciate the attractions of Central Park.

CITY PEOPLE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

Our engraving on page 724, "City People in a Country Church," is a characteristic illustration of a familiar rustic scene. The urban visitors are conducted to the best pew that is available. They become immediately the centre to which all eyes are attracted. Every rustic maiden is eager to scan the latest fashions, and those not moved by this special motive are affected by that simple curiosity which is every where a principle of human nature. Let the tables be turned; let some of these rustics visit a fashionable city church—then probably they would have an opportunity to witness the development of some other features of human nature not so thoroughly innocent as curiosity.

Facts for the Ladies.—Mrs. Robert Chalmers, Detroit, Mich., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1864, doing her family sewing for nine persons, and general dress-making, without any repairs or breaking a needle. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

Colgate & Co.'s Cashmere Bouquet Soap leaves a most aromatic odor upon the hands which have been cleansed by it. Its exceptionally fine workmanship, beauty of envelopments, and purity of materials secure its popularity.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALL DRUGGISTS sell PERRY'S
MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION,
because it is reliable.

WANTED An Agent in every County in the West and South to make $100 per month selling that standard and popular subscription book, William Cullen Bryant's "*Library of Poetry and Song*"—500 volumes in one. A book for the popular heart. A prime favorite with Agents and People. 800 pages, elegantly printed and bound, with choice full-page engravings by the best artists. Liberal terms! Address
J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

REED & BARTON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Fine ELECTRO-PLATED Ware,
Salesrooms at the factory, at Taunton, Massachusetts, and at No. 2 Maiden Lane, New York.

SIX OF ONE by HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

This is the celebrated joint-authorship novel written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss Lucretia Hale, F. W. Loring, Rev. E. E. Hale, and F. B. Perkins. Every body reads and talks about this curious book, with laughable criticism on the part which each author wrote. Price $1 50. Sold every where, by all book and news dealers and car venders; or mailed, postpaid, by the publishers,
ROBERTS BROS., Boston.

Parents, reduce your Shoe Bills
two-thirds by buying
SILVER-TIPPED SHOES
for your children.

HOW delightful to have dry feet—Farmers, Mechanics, every body.
CABLE SCREW WIRE BOOTS AND SHOES
never leak nor rip. All have the Patent Stamp.

CHENEY BRO'S
American Gros-Grain Silks,
IN BLACK, STRIPES,
AND ELEGANT FALL COLORS,
Of Shades especially adapted for Suitings.

ROPER HOT-AIR
ENGINE COMPANY, 124 Chambers St., New York.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. Doubleday, maker, 276 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Enough said."

PARK and GARDEN ORNAMENTS:
STATUARY, VASES,
FOUNTAINS, and SETTEES.
The largest and most varied assortment of above to be found in the United States. Illustrated Catalogues and Price-Lists sent free by mail.
THE
J. L. Mott Iron Works,
90 Beekman St., cor. Cliff, N. Y.

WANTED,
FIRST-CLASS CANVASSERS,
to introduce
FIRST-CLASS SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.
Some of our Canvassers make from $10 to $20 per day. Our terms are very liberal. For full particulars, address **VIRTUE & YORSTON,**
12 Dey St., New York.

RIFLE AIR PISTOL
Requires no pumping, shoots darts accurately, don't get out of order. A novelty for the field and parlor, and a profitable acquisition to Saloon-keepers and Picnic parties. Give it a trial. Every one warranted and sent by express, C. O. D., with Darts and Targets, complete for $5. Address orders to Sole Agents,
PECK & SNYDER, 126 Nassau St., New York.

ROGERS' GROUPS OF STATUARY.
Inclose stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to
JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MOTHERS,
SAVE YOUR INFANTS.
NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA,
THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.
Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians.
Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
H. ASTIÉ & CO., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.

PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest power, to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp.
SEMMONS, Oculists' Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

Pomeroy's Trusses.
The WIRE SPRING TRUSS,
WITH OSCILLATING PADS.
The ELASTIC RUPTURE-BELT,
WITHOUT METALLIC SPRINGS.
Prices, when sent to correspondents, much lower than when fitted at office. Send for circular. Samples of above trusses, one of each, sent to any physician or druggist for $5. Address
POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York.
Pomeroy & Co. also apply, as a specialty, their celebrated Finger-Pad Trusses, and keep on hand or make to order the best Elastic Stockings, Knee-Caps, Belts, &c. Crutches, Shoulder-Braces, Suspensories, Abdominal Supporters, Club-Foot Shoes, Leg-Braces, and Surgical Appliances of every kind.

POUGHKEEPSIE FEMALE ACADEMY furnishes superior accommodations, a large corps of accomplished Teachers, and is, in every respect, first-class. Pupils are carried through a collegiate course or fitted for Vassar College. For Circulars, &c., address
Rev. D. G. WRIGHT, A.M.

COLLEGE of Music of Boston University, Boston, Mass. Post graduate course in all departments for advanced music students. Year commences Sept. 16. Send for Circular, giving full particulars, to **E. TOURJEE,** *Dean of College of Music.*

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY, for Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Music, Modern Languages, Fine Arts.

Do Your Own Printing
WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!
which still maintains its reputation as the
BEST PRESS EVER MADE
FOR THE PURPOSE!
Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to **BENJ. O. WOODS,** Manufacturer, 349—351 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts, Boston; Wm. Y. Edwards, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; Kelly, Howell & Ludwig, 917 Market St, Philadelphia; Jno. F. Edwards, 603 North Fourth St, St. Louis; A. C. Kellogg, 53—55 South Jefferson St, Chicago: . . . . . . Agents.

F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington Nursery, Ill.; 600 acres; 21st year; 12 Green-Houses; Trees, Bulbs, Hedge Plants, Nursery Stock; 4 Catalogues, 20 cts.

BRIGGS & BRO., Seedsmen and Florists, Rochester, N. Y. Bulb Catalogue now ready. Sent free on application.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.
150 DESIGNS and PLANS for Houses of moderate cost. $1 50, postpaid.
ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
Publishers, 245 Broadway, N. Y.
☞ Send for Catalogue of all the best books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, & the Horse.

If You Write and Mail a Letter as Follows:

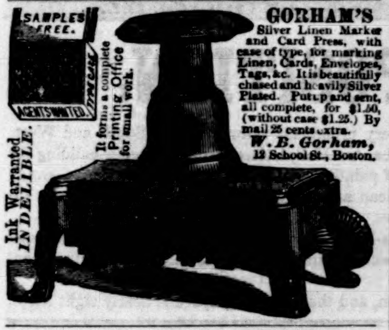
Messrs. Howard & Co.,
No. 865 Broadway, New York:

Please send me your Price-List of Waltham Watches for 1872, as per advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Sign Name and Address in full.)

You will receive, postpaid, by return mail, a very interesting pamphlet, illustrated with fine engravings, describing the details of the Waltham Factory, and telling how the Watches are made. You will also receive our Price-List, which describes all the different grades of watches, gives weight and quality of the cases, with prices of each, and also explains our plan of sending Single Watches by Express to any part of the country, no matter how remote, with the privilege of examination before paying the bill. Two new Watches have been added to the list, the "Boy's Watch" and the "Railroad Time-keeper." Please keep in mind that we will REFUND the MONEY for any watch that is not satisfactory. Address HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.

Residents of California, Oregon, and other distant places will find a great advantage in dealing with us.


SAMPLES FREE.
AGENTS WANTED.
TYPE CASE
Ink Warranted INDELIBLE.
It forms a complete Printing Office for small work.

GORHAM'S Silver Linen Marker and Card Press, with case of type, for marking Linen, Cards, Envelopes, Tags, &c. It is beautifully chased and heavily Silver Plated. Put up and sent, all complete, for $1.50, (without case $1.25.) By mail 25 cents extra.
W. B. Gorham,
12 School St., Boston.

Boker's Bitters! Boker's Bitters!
Nobody should be without a bottle of

"BOKER'S BITTERS,"

Since an experience of more than 45 years has *proved* them to be **BY FAR the BEST and most EFFICACIOUS Stomach Bitters,** as well as a very agreeable and pleasant cordial. *Beware of Counterfeits,* and buy *only* of respectable houses.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P.O. Box 1029. **66 Liberty St., New York.**

CAUTION!

All genuine Liebig's Extract of Meat bears the signature, in blue ink, of BARON LIEBIG, the inventor, across the label.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

This Extract is made under Baron Liebig's control, and guaranteed from the finest Beef. Physicians, in prescribing, and purchasers will please take notice and ask for the Extract with Liebig's signature, thus: J. v. Liebig

J. MILHAU'S SONS, Sole Agents,
183 Broadway & 15 Dey St., N. Y.

Three-Ply Roofing. Two-Ply Sheathing. Send for Samples and Circular.
MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS for Campaign Goods. Specialties exclusively our own for samples. 25 styles of Campaign Pins and Charms sent, postpaid, on receipt of $3 00; and for full catalogue, send to NOVELTY MANUFACTURING & PUB. CO., 432 Broome St., N. Y.

CAMPAIGN Paper Lanterns, Balloons, &c., Manufactured by J. Featherstone & Co., Cleveland, O.

DYSPEPSIA CURED

DR. J. M. SHARP'S DYSPEPSIA PILL

Thousands are being cured by these infallible Pills. Guaranteed in every case. Orders by mail promptly answered. Price $1 00 per box. Testimonials at Wholesale Office, 145 Eighth St., N. Y. Send for Circulars.

KANSAS SECURITIES.
A safe and profitable investment. Seven and Ten per Cent. Municipal Bonds. Interest payable semi-annually in New York, and always paid. Send for Circulars.
T. H. WALKER, Topeka, Kansas.

PRICE $290
U.S.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per ct. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

NOVELLO'S
ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF
OPERAS.

Complete Vocal Series (containing all the recitatives), with Piano-forte accompaniment; with Italian, German, or French and English words. Published monthly.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR; or, splendidly bound in Scarlet Cloth, gilt edges, $2 00.

NOW READY:

FIDELIO,
FRA DIAVOLO,
DON GIOVANNI,
NORMA,
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,
LUCREZIA BORGIA,
IL TROVATORE,
OBERON,
IL BARBIERE,
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,
RIGOLETTO,
SOMNAMBULA,
DER FREISCHUTZ,
TANNHAUSER,
MASANIELLO, $1 50,
I PURITANI,
LOHENGRIN.

"We, the undersigned, have used Messrs. NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.'S editions of Operas, and have much pleasure in stating that we consider them thoroughly correct and reliable.
(Signed) E. PAREPA ROSA,
CARL ROSA,
CHARLES SANTLEY."

ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.

NOVELLO'S Operas may be had of any music dealer in the country, or direct from the publishers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.,
No. 751 Broadway, New York.

BUILDING PAPER

FOR
SHEATHING,
PLASTERING,
ROOFING,
DEAFENING,
AND
CARPET LINING.
Samples and circulars sent free, by
ROCK RIVER PAPER CO.,
Chicago; or,
B. E. HALE & CO.,
56 & 58 Park Place, N. Y.,
Sole Ag'ts for Eastern States.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.

In great demand. A complete success. Water and Chamber Pails, Slop Jars, Spittoons, Milk Pans, Basins, Fruit Dishes, Trays, &c. Durable and cheap. Trade supplied. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St. (Franklin Square), New York City.

SAVE YOUR EYES!

Throw Away Your Spectacles! Avoid a surgical operation by reading our Illustrated "PHYSIOLOGY OF THE EYE AND SIGHT" and Near-Sightedness. It treats on Impaired Vision, Weak, Watery, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, and the worst disorders of the Eye. Mailed free to any address, by
New York College of Health.
BOX 840 P O 165 & 167 BROADWAY, N.Y.

BRONCHITIS AND KINDRED DISEASES. 10th Edition. By Editor of *Hall's Journal of Health.* Mailed for $1 60. Publisher, P.O. Box 2872, N. Y.

PATENT MEN, send 25 cents for "Inventive World." 258 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

No Cords or Balances Used.
For Sale by Upholsterers.

HARTSHORN'S
SELF ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
PAT. OCT. 11th '64.

486 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.
Sent to the Trade.
MODELS AND TERMS

TEXAN LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

THE GENUINE AMERICAN ARTICLE

The best and cheapest nourishment for Invalids and Families. A. GLANZ, Sole Agent,
194 William St., New York.

CUNDURANGO.

TRADE MARK
Registered Nov. 1871

Bliss, Keene, & Co.'s Fluid Extract cures Cancer, Scrofula, Syphilis, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, and all Blood Diseases. **The best-known Blood Purifier.** Sold by all druggists. Price, $3 per bottle.
OFFICE, No. 60 Cedar St., New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED to sell *The United States Tariff and Internal Revenue Law,* Act of 1872, in every city and town in the country. All persons doing business *need* the book. Messrs. Harper & Brothers will publish in a few days a work on California that *every body* will want. Agents that apply soon can secure profitable employment. For further particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care of HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

AGENTS & SALESMEN, most fortunate chance to make money pleasantly, respectably, surely. $50 weekly, without fail. Address, for circulars, O. F. TEMPLETON, 615 Broadway, N. Y.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

I.

LITTLE FOLK LIFE. A Book for Girls. By GAIL HAMILTON, Author of "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness." 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

II.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With 54 Illustrations by Thomas Worth. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25. Being Vol. III. of HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.

Also ready:

OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations by J. Mahoney. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 59 Illustrations by J. Barnard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

III.

LIFE OF MICHAEL FARADAY. By J. H. GLADSTONE, Ph.D., F.R.S. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

IV.

THE MAID OF SKER. A Novel. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Cradock Nowell," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

V.

MIDDLEMARCH, Vol. I. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75 per vol. (*Vol. I. Ready.*) Uniform in appearance with Harper's Library Edition of George Eliot's Novels.

VI.

HARPER'S SMALLER HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By DAVID B. SCOTT, Author of "A School History of the United States." With Maps and Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

VII.

OMBRA. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," "Laird of Norlaw," "Agnes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

VIII.

THE SCHOOL AND THE ARMY IN GERMANY AND FRANCE, with a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles. By Brevet Major-General W. B. HAZEN, U. S. A., Colonel Sixth Infantry. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

IX.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Ralph the Heir," "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," "Phineas Finn," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25.

X.

THE UNITED STATES TARIFF AND INTERNAL REVENUE LAW (approved June 6, 1872), together with the Acts of which it is amendatory, and a full Alphabetical Table of the United States Tariff; also a Table of Internal Taxes, a copious Analytical Index, and full Sectional Notes. Compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

XI.

A GOLDEN SORROW. A Novel. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY, Author of "A House of Cards," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

XII.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE. Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, $6 00.

XIII.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAGG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

RARE CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
AGENTS, we will pay you $40 per week in cash, if you will engage with us AT ONCE. Every thing furnished and expenses paid. Address
F. A. ELLS & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

1000 AGENTS WANTED! for the National Recipe Book. Best out! Postpaid, $2 00. MICHIGAN PUBLISHING CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

$10 A DAY to sell DORMAN'S LITTLE GEM and Rubber Stamps. Address U. S. M'F'G Co., 97 West Lombard St., Baltimore.

MONEY Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Circulars free. STAFFORD M'F'G CO., 66 Fulton St., N. Y.

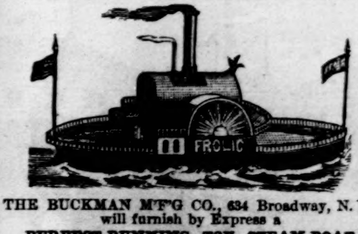
$20 A DAY to sell *Gorham's Silver-Plated Linen and Card Marker.* Address W. B. GORHAM, 12 School St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., *Fine Art Publishers,* Portland, Maine.

$75 PER WEEK. Agents wanted. Business new and genteel. DAVIDSON & CO., 27 Chatham St., N. Y.

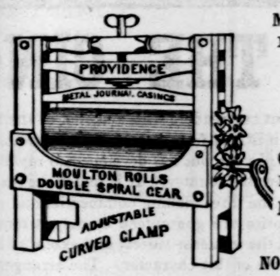
BREECH-LOADING
SHOT-GUNS,
RIFLES, PISTOLS, & METALLIC CARTRIDGES.

Schuyler, Hartley, & Graham,
19 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.



THE BUCKMAN M'F'G CO., 634 Broadway, N. Y., will furnish by Express a
PERFECT-RUNNING TOY STEAM-BOAT,
16 inches long, 6½ wide. No. 1, plain, $5 00; No. 1, orn., $7 50. No. 2, plain, $7 50; No. 2, orn., $10 00. Postpaid, a Steam Whistle for all Toy Engines, 15c. The Young America Engine, $1 50; No. 1, $2 25. Little Giant, double cylinder, $3 50.
Liberal Discount to the Trade.

Providence Wringer,
NEW 1872.



Moulton Rolls,
Most Durable;
Double Spiral Cogs,
Easiest Working;
Curved Clamp,
Holds Firmest;
Metal Journal Casings.
NO WEAR OUT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,
11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

An Elegantly Bound Canvassing Book for the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published will be sent free of charge to any Book Agent. It contains nearly **500** fine Scripture illustrations, and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, &c., and we will show you what our agents are doing.
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

A GREAT BOOK FOR AGENTS.
The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby.
Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Introduction by Hon. Charles Sumner. Now ready.—Soon ready, **"Words Fitly Spoken,"** by Rev. W. H. H. Murray, author of "Among the Adirondacks." Address I. N. Richardson & Co., Boston, Mass., and St. Louis, Mo.

BOOK AGENTS

Now at work, or looking for some new book, will miss it if they do not at once write for circulars of the best-selling book published. Extraordinary inducements offered. Address F. M. REED, 139 Eighth St., N. Y.

MASONIC.—Wanted, on salary or commission, Members of the Fraternity as Agents for the Unique and Splendid New Work. A rare chance. Send for descriptive catalogue and terms. REDDING & Co., Publishers of Masonic Works, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

$30 PER WEEK SALARY and EXPENSES will be paid to good, energetic *Agents,* to sell the greatest and best-selling inventions ever offered to the public. Address M. V. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.